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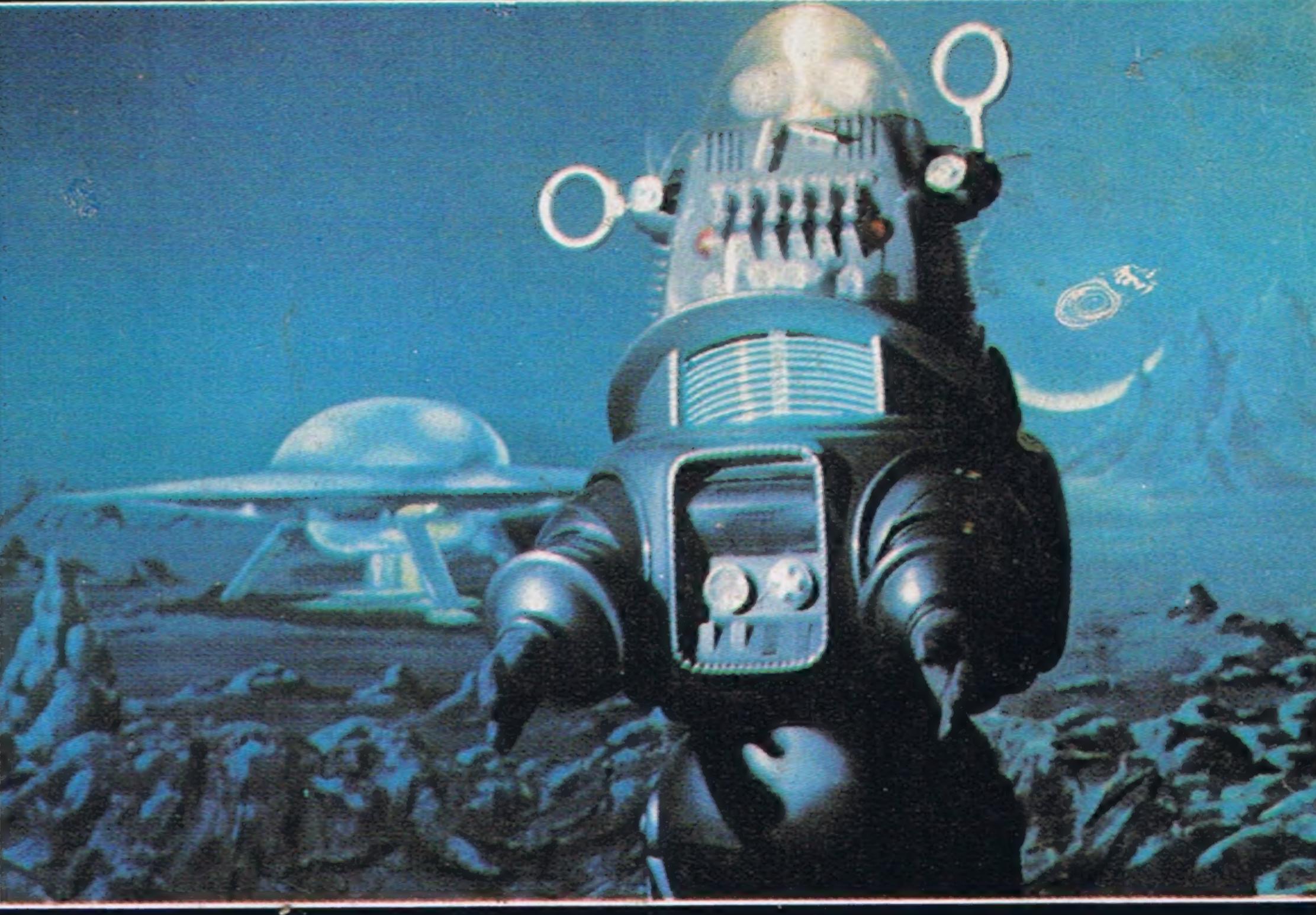
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STARLOG

NUMBER 18
DECEMBER

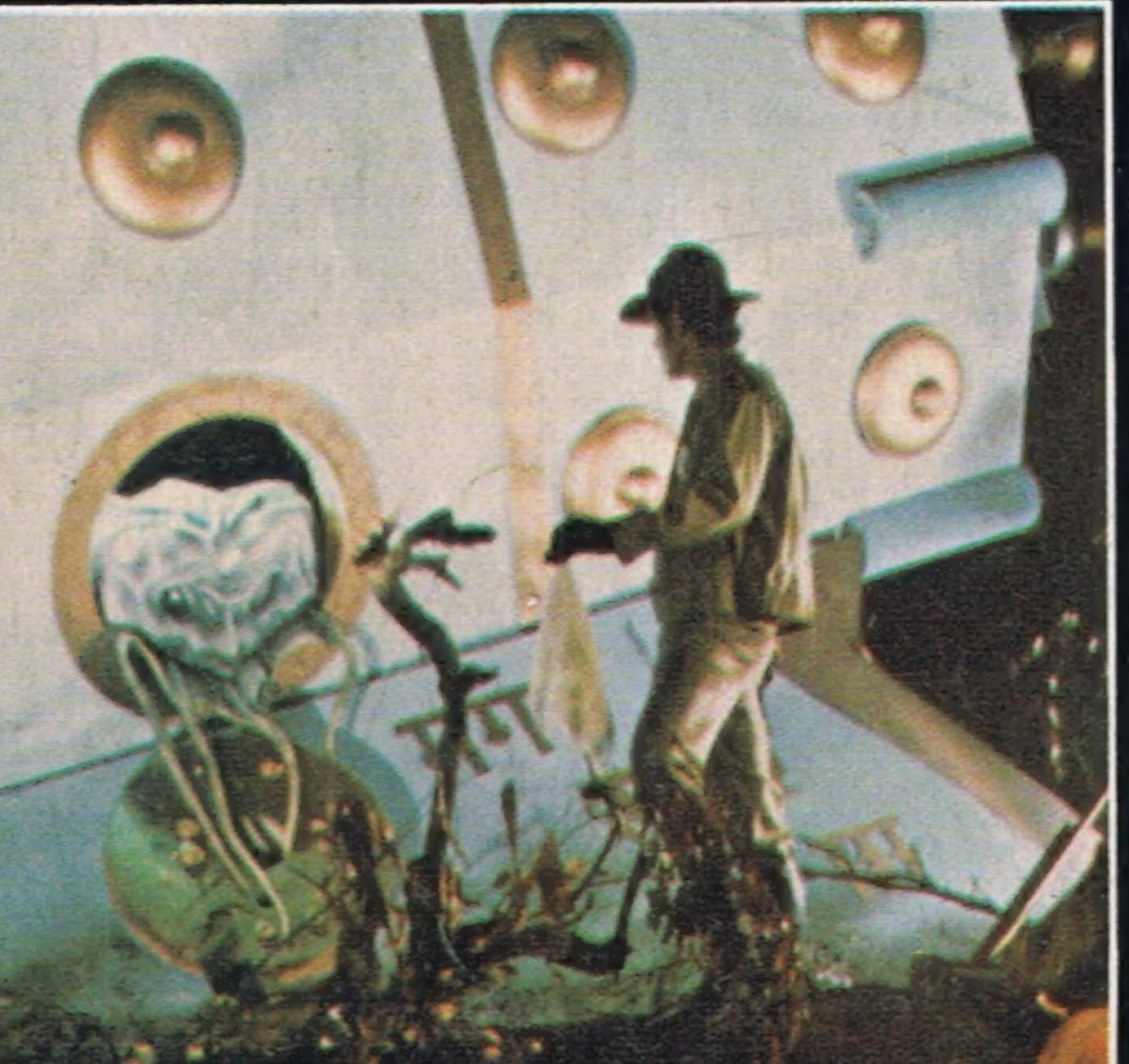
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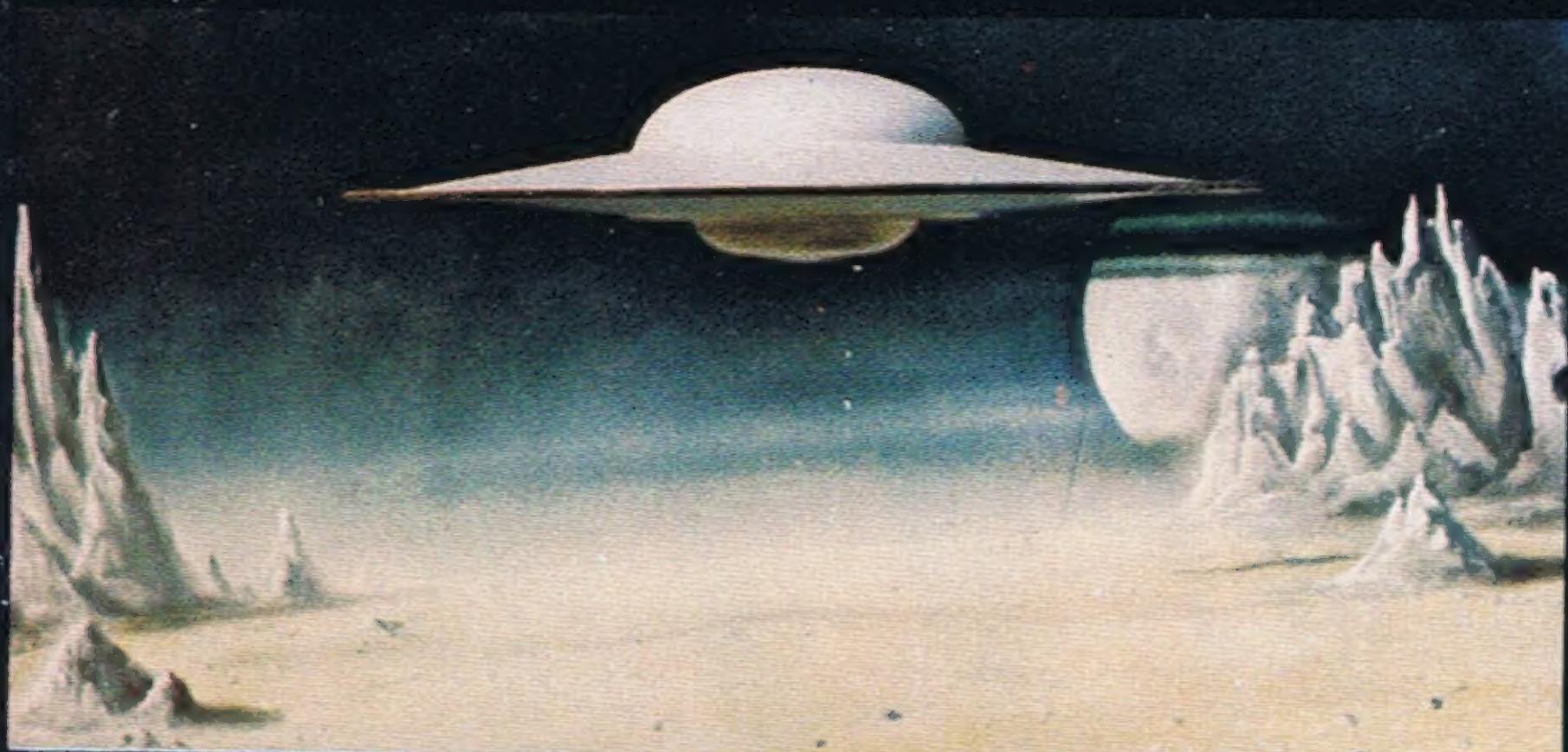
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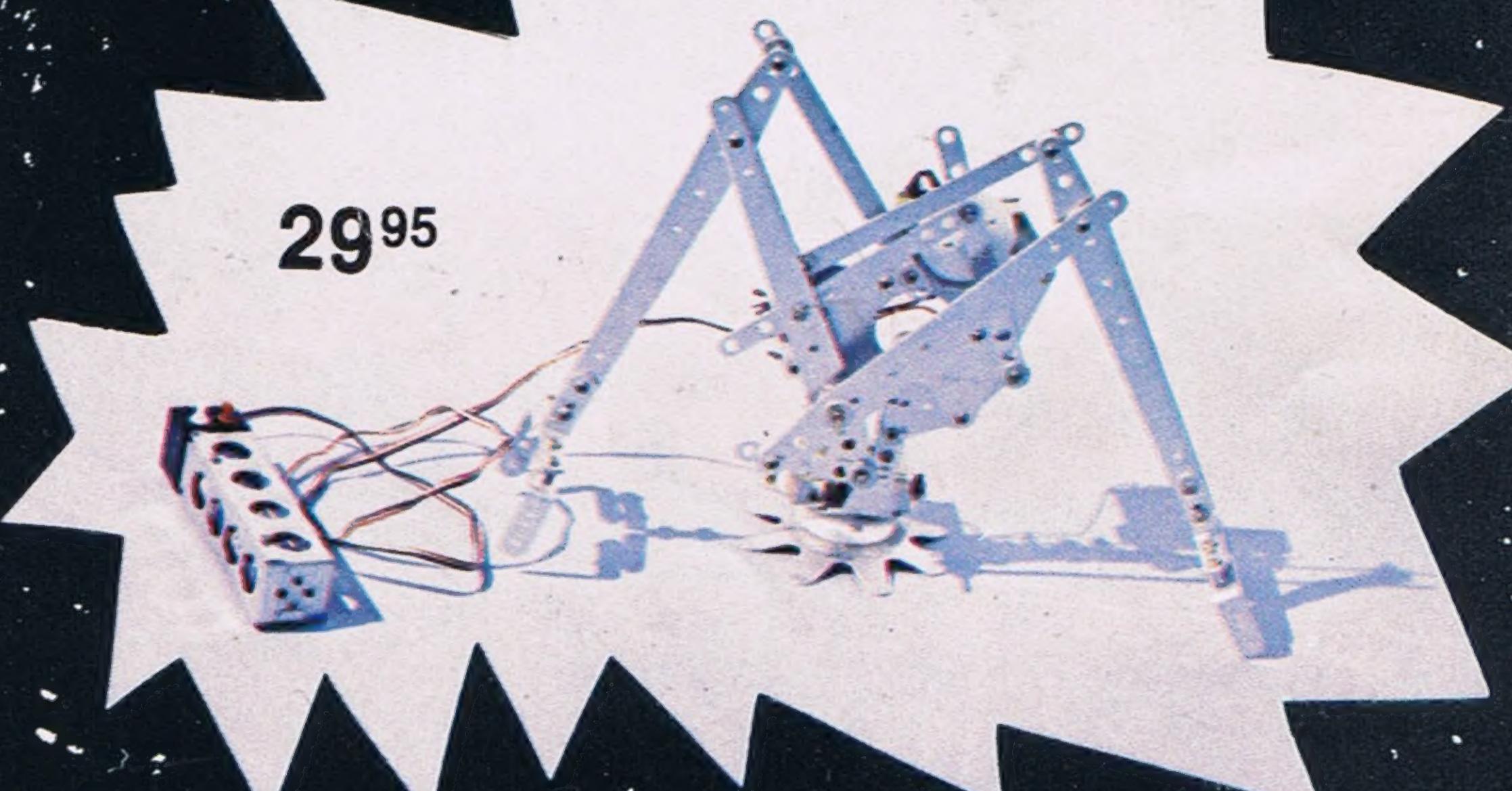
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THE MAGAZINE OF THE FUTURE

DECEMBER 1978
NUMBER 18



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STARLOG

DECEMBER, 1978 #18



"Happy Halloween!" from the staff of STARLOG to all of our readers. Yes, pictured above (for the first time) is the entire staff of STARLOG, including: publishers Norman Jacobs, Kerry O'Quinn and Ira Friedman; editors Howard Zimmerman, Bob Woods, David Hutchison, Robin Snelson, Richard Meyers, David Houston and John W. Campbell; writers Ed Naha, Charles Bogle, Joseph Kay, Eric March and Franz Kafka; plus Rita Eisenstein, Tom O'Steen, David Hirsch, Peter Mosen, Beverly Gerdin-Campbell, Louis Broadhurst, George, Frank R. Paul, Susan Stevens, Laura O'Brien and Bob Erickson. Also cleverly hidden in this photo are Howard Lovecraft, Robert T. Robot, Exeter, Hayley Mills and Amy Carter.



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New York, N.Y. 10016

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About the cover: For the past several years some of Hollywood's most talented special effects wizards have joined forces to create live magic for children on Halloween. The photographs exemplify some of the themes they have chosen. At top is a lurking Morlock created by Kathy Burns and Terry Smith; and a red-eyed demon played and constructed by Rick Baker. In the middle George Pal sits for the first time in Burns' rebuilt time machine and Bill Malone's Robby. At bottom is Mike Minor's rocket set with alien by Tom Scherman and Jon Berg and Dave Thompson as Frankenstein and Dracula. Photos by Joe Viskoal, Bob and Kathy Burns. Full story begins on page 50.

STARLOG is published eight times a year or about every six and a half weeks by Starlog Magazine, Inc., 475 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10016. This is Issue 18, December 1978 (Volume Three). All content is copyright © 1978 by O'Quinn Studios, Inc. Subscription rates: \$11.98 for eight issues delivered in U.S. and Canada; foreign subscription \$18.00 in U.S. funds. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. Notification of change of address or renewals should be sent to STARLOG, Subscription Dept., P.O. Box 1999, Farmingdale, NY 11737. STARLOG accepts no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts, photos, art or other materials, but if freelance submittals are accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope they will be seriously considered and, if necessary, returned. Reprint or reproduction in part or in whole without written permission from the publishers is strictly forbidden.

FROM THE BRIDGE

While visiting Worlds of Fun in Kansas City and shopping in the souvenir store, I met a young man who is a great fan of STARLOG and FUTURE. When I told him my name he was virtually struck speechless. "I can't believe it . . ." was all he could gasp in the presence of the Almighty Publisher.

Now — I have *never* thought of myself as awesome; and I'm *not*, but I *do* understand being impressed to the point of heart palpitations at meeting someone who represents something you enjoy and admire tremendously.

I have felt that same emotion on several special occasions. I felt it when I first telephoned composer Jerome Moross to gush with admiration — when I went to author Ayn Rand's apartment — when I visited artist Chesley Bonestell's studio — when I shared dinner high atop a New York skyscraper with film director Rouben Mamoulian. These people are some of my heroes — some of the people I place on a pedestal.

One of the great joys of living is *looking up!*

On the other hand, it is good to realize that real heroes are *not* fiction characters — they are human beings with individual quirks and personalities, with moods of laziness and stubbornness and tenderness and silliness. It doesn't knock someone off the pedestal to know that he doesn't always shave every morning.

In this issue, some of the gods of Hollywood science fiction and special effects come down off their pedestals to show us how they have neighborhood fun each Halloween. Here is a rare insight into the personal side of these people — a side we never see while they are thrilling us with their professional creations. I suggested that we call the article, "What Really Goes on in Bob Burns' Backyard," but our stuffed-shirt staff voted me down. Speaking of which . . .

On this very page, our austere, sophisticated office and editorial staff has taken a moment out of their hectic schedule to gather in the conference room for a family portrait. As you can see by looking beyond the hideous grins on our lovable faces, some of us have fangs, some horns, some only minor physical defects — but basically we are just plain folks.

There are, in fact, several features in this special issue of STARLOG designed to point out that another great joy of being alive is laughing!

Enjoy . . .

Kerry O'Quinn/Publisher

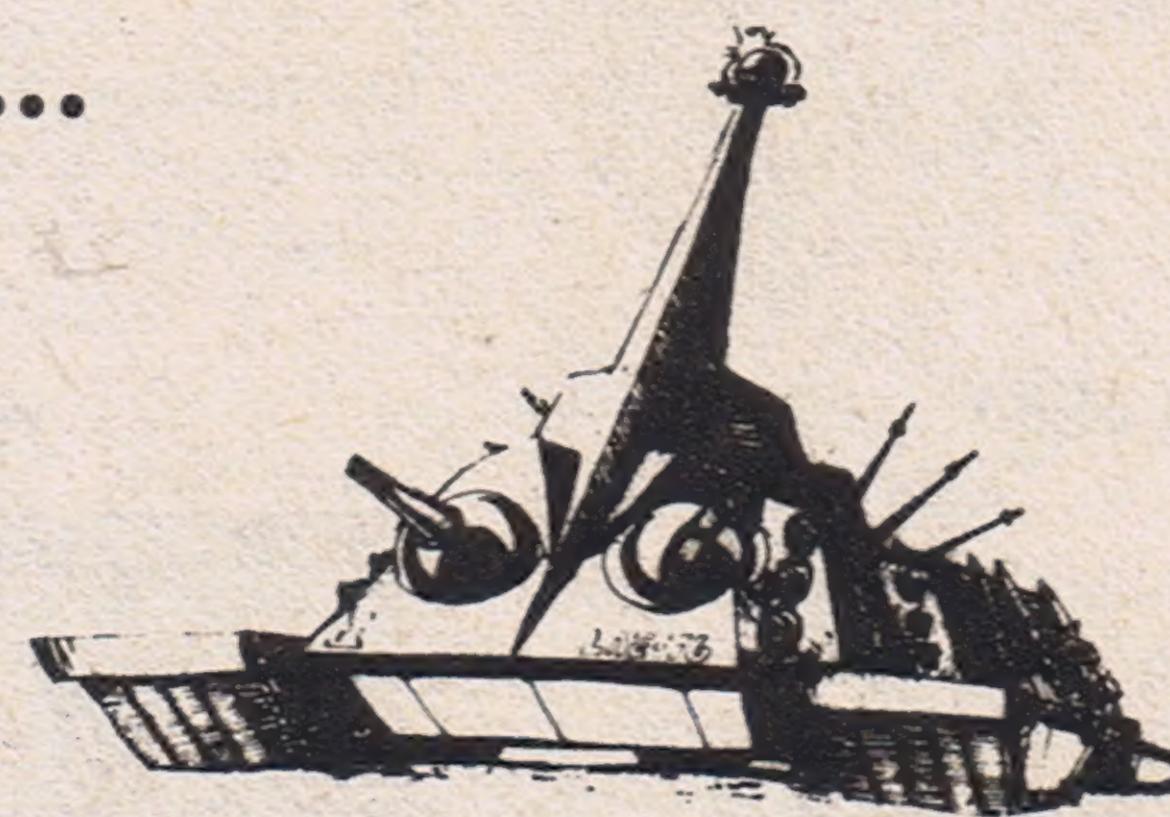
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Metagaming's MicroGames are small, fast-playing, and inexpensive. But not trivial. A MicroGame is a classic wargame — that you can put in your pocket and play over lunch. It won't take you all day to learn the rules — or all night to play. But each one is challenging — and fun. MORE play for LESS money? Try a MicroGame and see.

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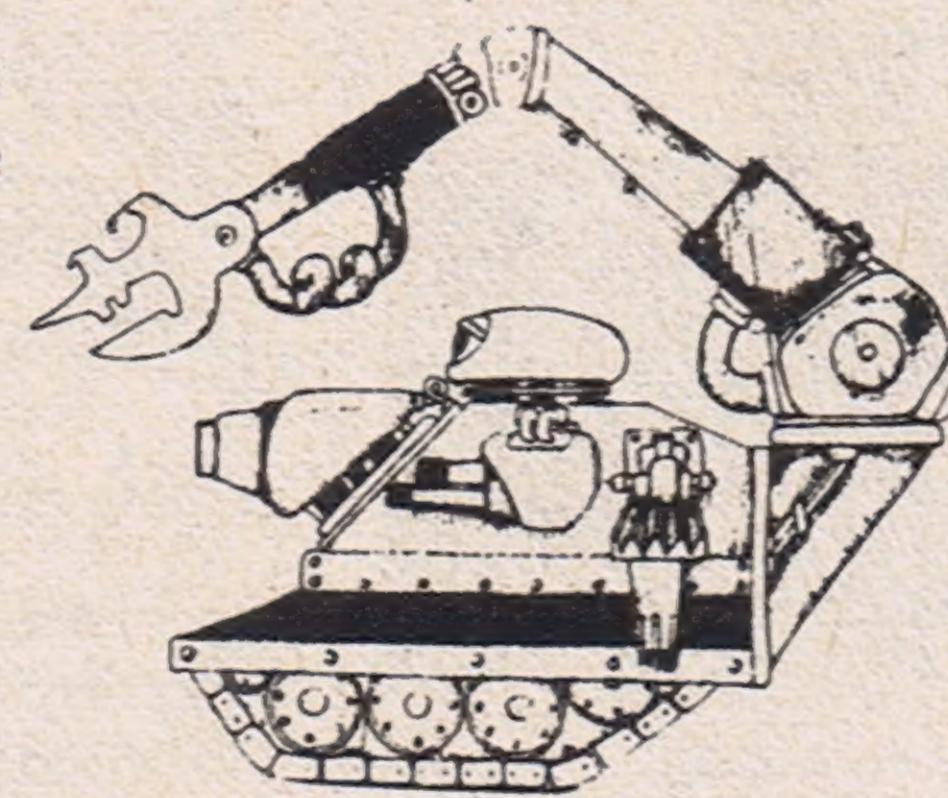


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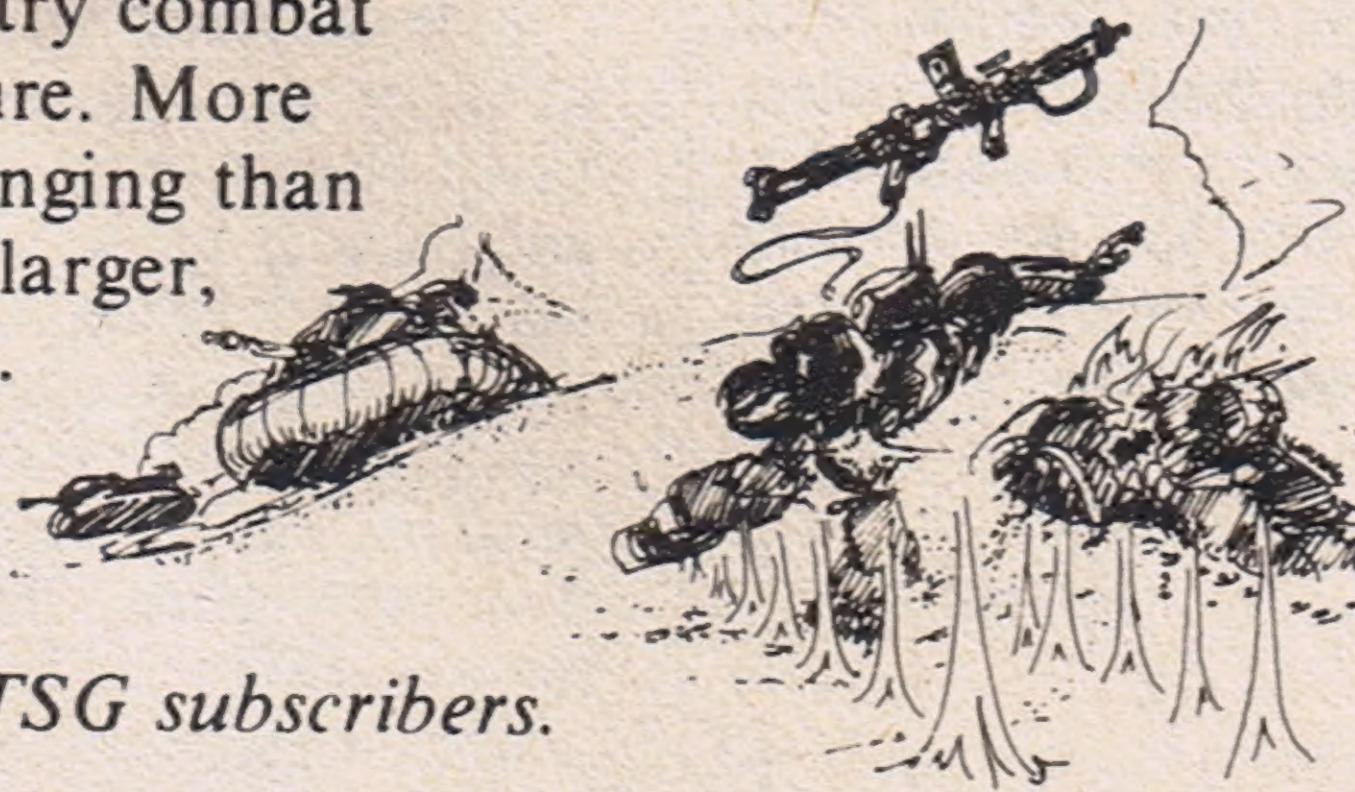


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G.E.V.



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MELEE

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475 Park Avenue South
8th Floor Suite
New York, N.Y. 10016

DARTH VADER LIVES



... I just happened to snap this picture when Darth Vader swept over my head in his TIE fighter.

Michael Etlinger
17 Walnut St.
Bloomingdale, NJ 07403

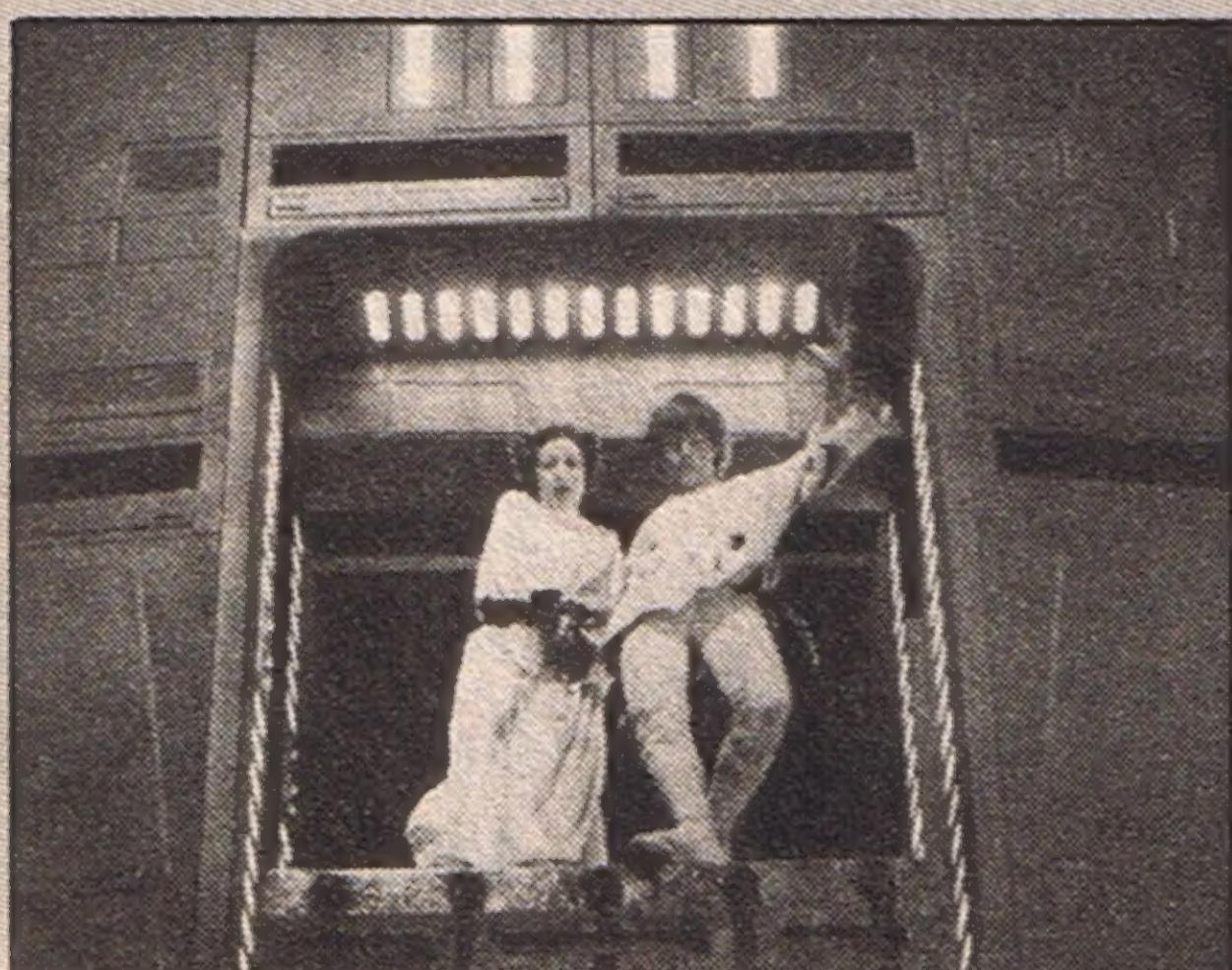
HUNGARIAN STARLOGGER

... "From The Bridge" in STARLOG #15 really got me to thinking, and I came up with a simple answer to the problem of getting STARLOG and FUTURE magazines to the guy in Hungary. If we, the fans of STARLOG and FUTURE, sent some of our extras to him, he would receive all the complimentary copies he needed. Please include his name and address in the next issue.

Mike King
1404 Medfield Ave.
Baltimore, MD 21211

Your suggestion is both generous and thoughtful, but the problem has been solved. Our publishers have already sent the Hungarian fan complimentary magazines and have struck up a trade relationship for the future: the magazines his government will not allow him to buy, in exchange for some rare Hungarian records unobtainable in the U.S. If governments will just leave us alone, free people can engage in free trade with each other — and the world will come closer together.

INVISIBLE VISIONS



... David Houston's article on the invisible visions of *Star Wars* (STARLOG #16) was the best. I was beginning to feel "mindless," as TV critic David Sheehan called *Star Wars*, because of my great love for that film. Everywhere I turned critics and reviewers were putting down *Star Wars*. Maybe in the future, newspapers should hire children as reviewers and critics; they know what they like and don't go out of their way to search for hidden, inner meanings. *Star Wars* presents a noble view of humankind in a delightful way.

Carolyn Porter
1002 Golf Links Road
Sierra Vista, AZ 85635

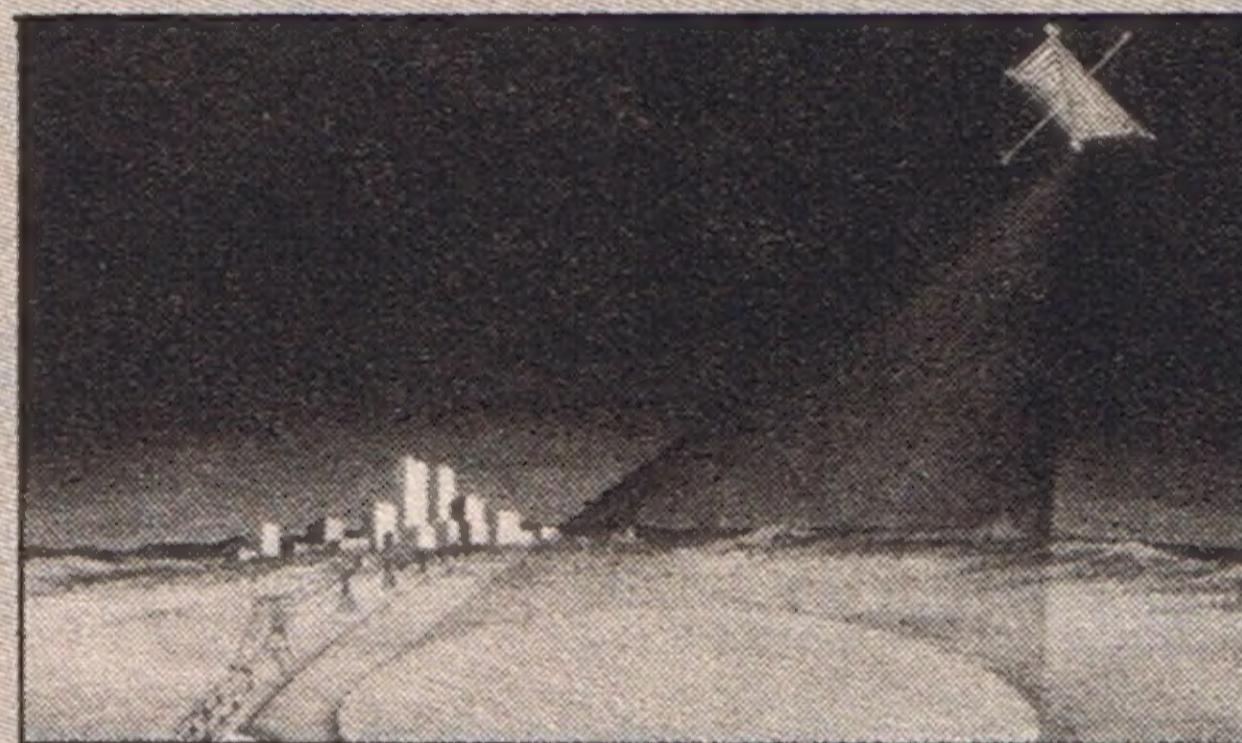
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STARLOG Magazine
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SPACE ACTIVIST



... I enjoyed Robin Snelson's Space Solar Power article in STARLOG #16. I wrote my representative, Billy Evans, and he sent me a copy of bill H.R. 12505: "An act to provide for a research, development and demonstration program to determine the feasibility of collecting, in space, solar energy to be transmitted to Earth and to generate electricity for domestic purposes." It passed in the House of Representatives on June 22, and is now before the Senate. So please inform your readers and encourage them to write to their senators.

Kyle Bobbitt
P. O. Box 2001
Macon, GA 31203

Done. Thanks, Kyle.

BEES DO FLY

... A final word on the flying bee affair ("Visions" — STARLOG #15). I'm afraid that not only is the Rev. Corsbie wrong — but Walter Turner is not quite correct as well. As Willy Ley

has pointed out, the original German paper on the flight of the bee was correct. If the bee's wing was treated as a fixed surface the bee just cannot fly with the power-to-weight ratio it possesses. However, the bee's wings are flexible and deformed enough on the upstroke to make flight possible. As we all know, they fly don't they?

Harry Harrison
Bullock Harbour
Dublin, Ireland

Our thanks to SF author Harrison for the definitive answer to the controversy and the implied words to the wise . . . it pays to bee flexible.

FOSTER GREAT



... How about a sequel to your article on Alan Dean Foster? Loved it! He's my favorite writer. However, on page 24, you stated that *The Tarnay Krang* was about an orphan named Pip, and his companion, Flinx the mini-drag. I should like to point out that it's the other way around. The orphan's name is Flinx and Pip is his pet.

Tom Piddock
4200 Yarrow St. #6
Wheat Ridge, CO 80033

Argh. There were a few printer's devils at work on that article. As well as Pip and Flinx getting jumbled, Foster was credited as penning the Star Trek film. He was the author of a fictional treatment for the film that later was modified by Gene Roddenberry. The script is thus based on their collaboration.

CAREERS IN SPACE

... In response to "From the Bridge" in STARLOG #15 — that editorial describes exactly how I feel about my future. I am 16 years old and I already know that I don't want the usual, dull career. Like the lady who wrote you, my attention is directed toward NASA. I would very much like to become involved with the space program, but I do not know who to contact for more information. Could you help me find out more about it?

Mark Gaydos
RD #4
Export, PA 15632

It so happens that the next issue of STARLOG's sister magazine, FUTURE #7, will contain an article on space careers and a source guide full of addresses for follow-up information. Don't miss the January issue of FUTURE.

(continued on page 8)

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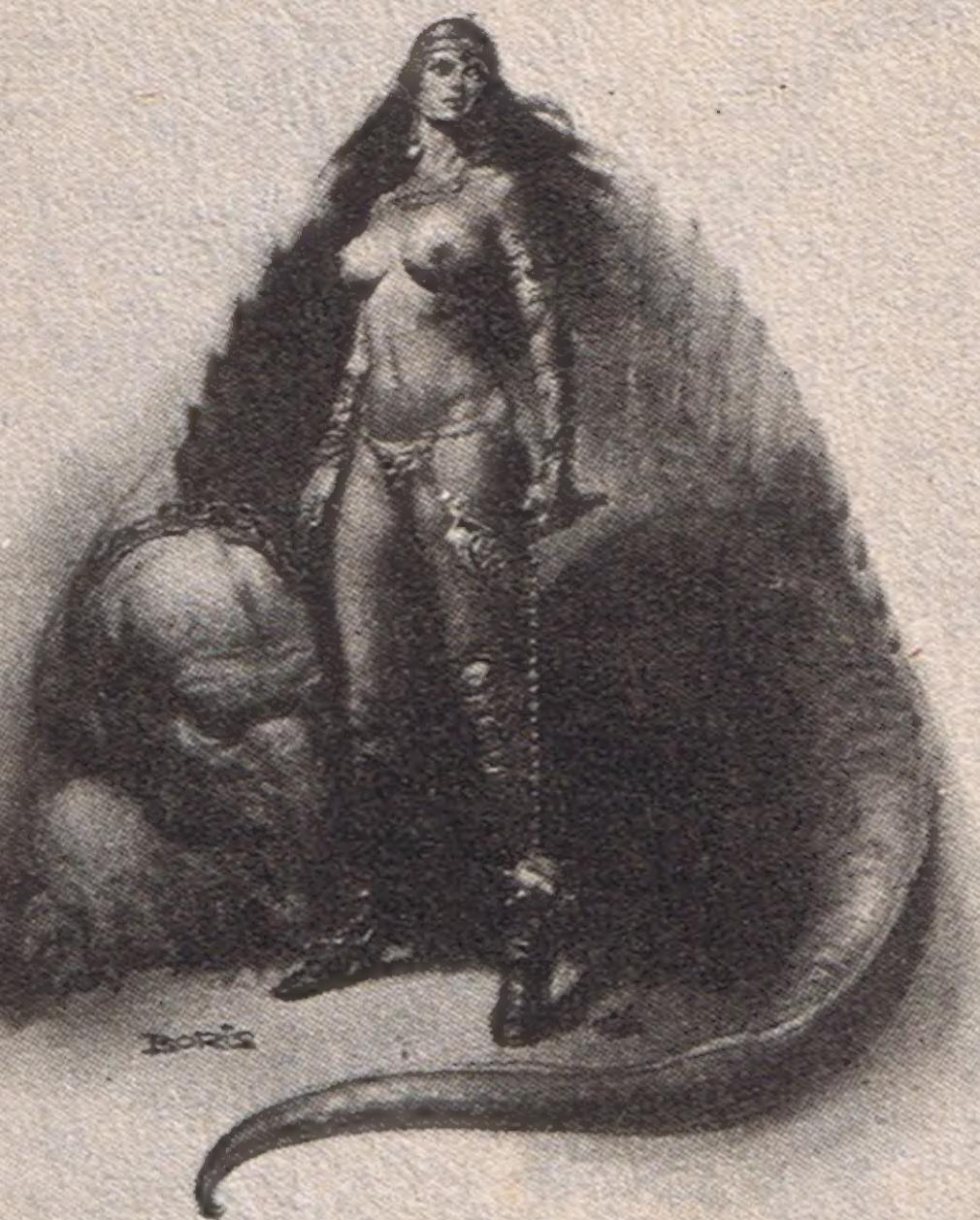
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COMMUNICATIONS

(Continued from page 6)

VOYAGE'S FANTASTIC FINISH



... I'm writing in response to the marvelous article on *Fantastic Voyage*. As a matter of fact, I learned from Saul David only last week that the film ended with a satirical twist which was eliminated by a 20th Century executive. To quote Mr. David's outline of the scene: "The story originally went from the lab to a hospital room. As a doctor tries to force some angry, shouting military officers away from the patient, one of the generals yells, 'What do you mean, he doesn't remember?' The doctor explains that when the sub crashed it damaged those areas of memory where the information was stored—so the great secret the whole world wanted remains a secret!" Since this knowledge is too much for one, lone person to bear, I'm putting it on the shoulders of fandom in general.

Dan Helmick
108 Somerset Rd.
Hudson, MI

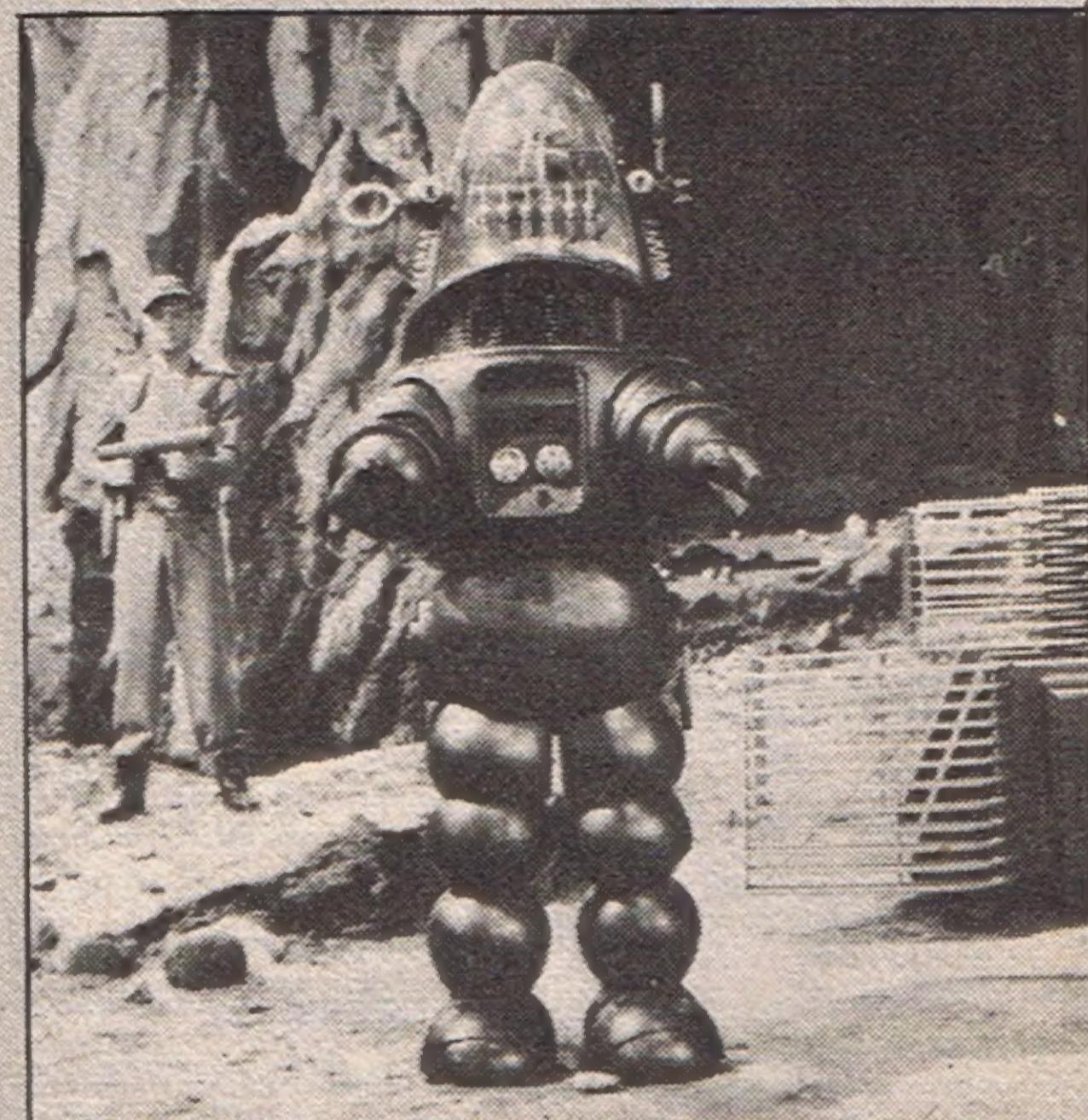
RAMA MISSES RENDEZVOUS

... You may recall that in my last letter, I mentioned that a Sydney animation studio was beginning work on an animated, one-hour TV special of Arthur C. Clarke's *Rendezvous With Rama*. Sadly I must report that this ambitious project has now been abandoned, due, ironically enough, to the current wave of popularity of such SF blockbusters as *Star Wars* and *CE3K*. The studios, Air Programmes International, had acquired the screen rights to *Rama* many months ago, and had spent much time persuading their American backers to produce this film as a change of pace from the adaptations of "classic tales" that they had hitherto been producing. When finally the backers agreed, API began preproduction work on the story, and at the same time began to negotiate a new agreement on the screen rights, as the old one was due to expire by this time. However, Mr. Clarke's agents now felt (and quite justifiably too, I hasten to add), that the current popularity of SF movies meant that they would have to

raise the price of the screen rights to *Rama*. Unfortunately, the price now asked, which was still quite reasonable by today's standards, was beyond the modest budget allowed for TV animation programs. The whole project was abandoned and another "classic tale," *Moby Dick* was substituted. All of which only goes to illustrate the points that I made in my last letter: that while TV networks continue to regard animated programs as suitable only for Saturday morning kid-vid fare and budget accordingly, ambitious SF and fantasy projects such as *Rama* will never get off the ground; or if they do, it will be in a restricted form due to low budget. If enough STARLOG readers want to see quality programs and take the trouble to write to the networks *saying so* ... who knows? Maybe one day we animators may yet be taking viewers on journeys where no network executives have gone before.

Cam Ford
Cinemagic Animated Films
4 Camira Street
Pymble, n.s.w. 2073

ROBOT LOVER



... I recently saw *Forbidden Planet* for the first time. I am now irreversibly hooked! Before I saw it I thought that it was in black & white! When I told my friend this he said that I need a fix. Since I am in love with robots anyway, could you please do a feature article on this cinematic landmark, concentrating on the quasi-talented Robby?

Dr. Edward Morbius
Big-House-in-the-Desert
Altair-4 11795

The truly unique Robby was featured in STARLOG #7 as the second installment of the SFX series. See back issue order form on page 34. Curious, postal zip 11795 is for West Islip, NY.

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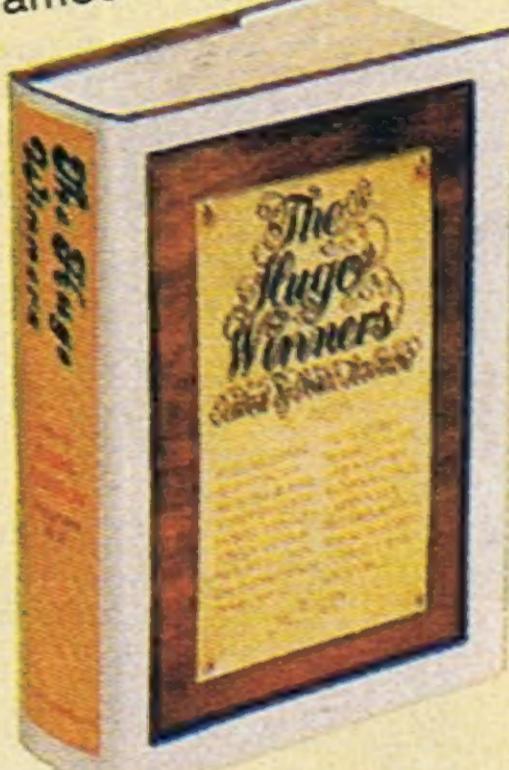
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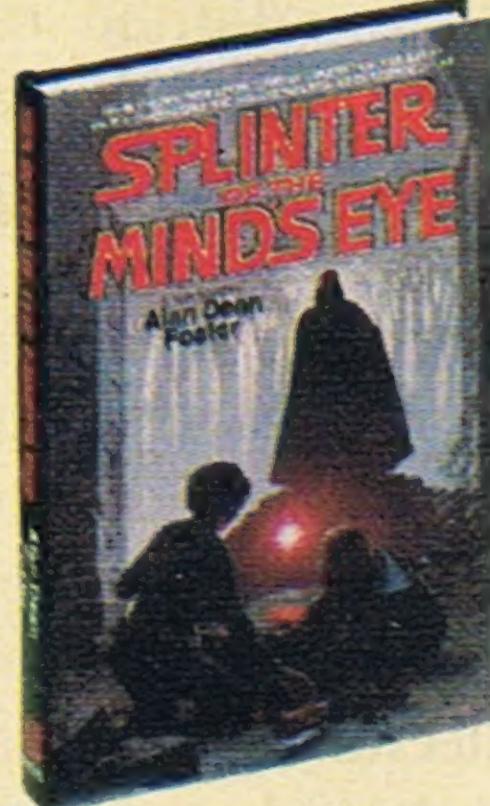
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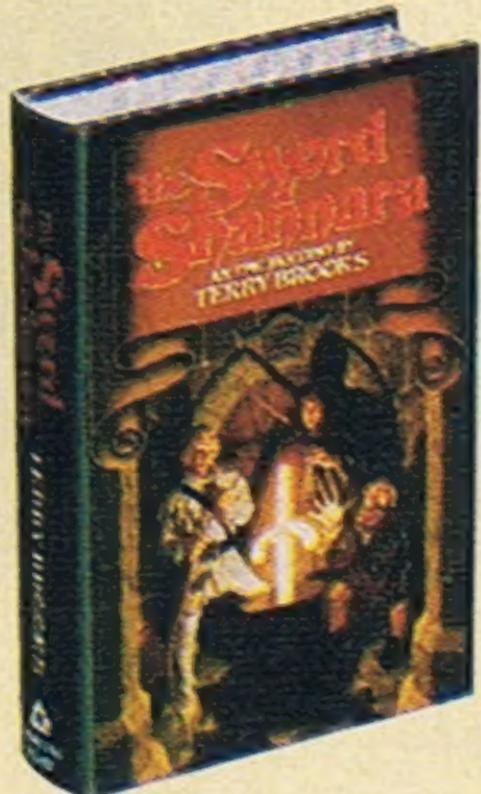
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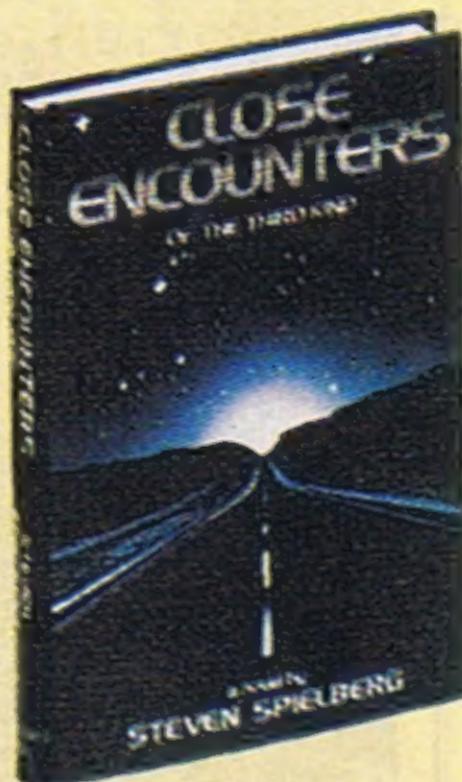
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According to the world's most-dedicated science-fiction fan, Forrest J. Ackerman, one dollar from each dedicated STARLOG reader will help ensure the survival of these treasures. As reported in STARLOG #13, Ackerman, the editor of *Famous Monsters Of Filmland*, has the largest collection of SF and fantasy memorabilia in the world, boasting over 100,000 movie stills, a gallery of rare hard-cover and paperback books and some of the strangest movie posters and props ever conceived. Ackerman has kept his collection intact and open to the public for decades, but now he finds himself in a financial bind.

"Keeping this going is the number one obsession in my life," he concedes. "On my 60th birthday and my 50th anniversary as a collector of science fiction and fantasy, my wife said, 'Furry, do you plan on collecting all of your life or would you like to call it quits after 50 years?' That's like saying to me, 'Well, you've breathed 50 years, how about stopping?' I see myself as a monomaniac — out of necessity. I am determined to get together the greatest collection of fantasy on this or any other planet. I'll try to preserve it for fans long after I'm gone. But it's getting a bit much for one man's pocketbook."

Ackerman's collection has grown to such olympian proportions that it has already forced him (literally) out of a 13-room home. "I totally filled every room and the garages," he says. "Totally. My wife went to the refrigerator one day and found film reels mixed in with the food. She realized that *that* signaled the end of the house. We moved to an apartment but that soon filled up too. So we left and moved to this 17-room home. I never thought I'd fill this up but we need an extension already. I've indebted myself up to the year 1998 with this place. When I'm in



PHOTO: NEAL PRESTON

Forrest J. Ackerman at work amidst a sea of futuristic memories.

my eighties I'll be able to say, 'It's mine. I can leave it for posterity.' "

Ackerman's concern, however, is that the collection be given the chance to grow in the future ("I can't afford to keep up with it all.") and allowed to remain intact. ("I'm afraid of some university coming in and dividing it all.") "Let's face it," he states, "on my way to my 50th birthday, I had a flurry of heart attacks, so obviously there's no guarantee that I'm going to be around forever or go on making enough money to keep this collection going forever."

In an attempt to keep the Ackermuseum alive and well, Ackerman is turning to STARLOG readers in a way first proposed by a few of his famous friends a couple of years back. Ray Bradbury, Fred Pohl, Robert Bloch and A. E. Van Vogt, to name a few, suggested that if each one of Furry's fans sent in one dollar to help keep the collection intact, the dedicated SF curator's problems would be solved.

"Half the world thinks I'm made of money, but I just can't afford to buy the items that belong in this collection, let

alone cope with the mortgage. I'd love to have the first edition of *Frankenstein*, which was published in three volumes. I just can't lay out the cash, yet I feel it belongs here for the fans to see."

STARLOG readers who are able to help Ackerman fight inflation can send their dollar to him at the Ackermansion, 2495 Glendower, Los Angeles, Calif. 90027. "I plan to save all the envelopes with their names," Ackerman states, "and have an entire wall full of paper listing the people who helped keep all this together."

If STARLOG's readers do indeed ease Ackerman's financial woes, the ever-idealistic collector has big plans for his SF memorabilia. "I'd love to have it all in an *actual* museum," he beams. "I'd love to have all of this in one building, where fans could walk in and, if they were interested in film, they'd take one path, another for books, another path for art, another for sci-fi television, and so on. I think they'd love that. I really do."

And, for one dollar, you can be one of the founding members of the world's #1 SF museum.

NASA-AIR FORCE FIGHTER OF THE FUTURE

Next year NASA will begin flying HiMAT, a sleek, supersonic test aircraft designed to study new aerodynamic concepts that will determine the shape of Air Force fighter planes of the future. HiMAT stands for "highly maneuverable aircraft technology," an appropriate acronym for a plane that's expected to make hairpin turns while flying faster than the speed of sound.

What makes HiMAT more interesting than the run-of-the-mill test aircraft is that it will fly without a pilot. Or rather, the "pilot" will be safely on the ground seated in a computer-controlled "cockpit." The pilot will have all the normal flight controls — throttle, stick and rudder pedals — and display sensors on an instrument panel. But the view will be on a TV screen with the picture relayed from a camera in HiMAT's cockpit.

HiMAT is built to less than half the scale of an actual manned fighter — just over 22 feet long, with a wingspan of 16

feet. On a typical test flight it will be carried to an altitude of 45,000 feet by a B-52 bomber, then dropped. At that point, the ground pilot will take over, putting HiMAT through its daredevil paces.

HiMAT flights will test new wing configurations and new structural materials such as non-metallic composites. In case some of those advanced ideas prove to be not quite perfected and HiMAT crashes, the test pilot will be able to watch the ground rush up from a secure, Earth-bound distance.

Spin-off technology from HiMAT will probably be applied to commercial airlines. For instance, lightweight composite structures could upgrade the fuel efficiency of the next generation of jumbo jets. But the main goal of this joint NASA-Air Force project is to maintain fighter plane superiority for the U.S. military. Officially, the remotely piloted HiMAT is the lowest-risk, lowest-cost way to test out new technology for future full-scale fighters. But what if the jet pilots decide they like it better on the ground . . . will future dogfights be fought by remote control?



PHOTO: ROCKWELL INTERNATIONAL

Look Ma, no pilot! HiMAT, a test aircraft developed for NASA and the Air Force by Rockwell International, will be flown by remote control by a pilot seated in a computerized cockpit on the ground. HiMAT is expected to have twice the turning capacity of the most advanced fighter planes of today.



PHOTO: DAVID HUTCHISON

LADY DRACULA: A REPUTATION'S AT STAKE

Michaelina Martel is a woman with a mission. The sultry blond actress is determined to clear the name of the *real* Count Dracula, a handsome chap known in Transylvanian circles as "Vlad the Impaler." "He was a hero to his people," Martel insists, "a monster to his enemies. He was at war with the Turks, defending his homeland. He killed over 215,000 of the enemy, impaling many of them on stakes to frighten off the rest. But this was war. I don't believe he was a bloodthirsty beast. He was a patriot. Would you call Truman or Patton bloodthirsty? They killed in the name of patriotism."

Martel has a vested interest in the Dracula legend. Born in a castle in Transylvania and raised on a diet of legend and superstition, the young lady sports a rather unusual birthmark . . . a birthmark taking the shape of two tiny teeth marks on her neck. According to Martel's research, that's an important part of the Dracula legend. "Supposedly this birthmark was the mark of his ancestors," she beams.

According to Martel, the Dracula heritage is one to be proud of. "He's always been considered a folk hero. He brought a New Deal to his people. He built monasteries and churches. He gave land to the poor. He defended his country against outrageous odds. All this from a man that was imprisoned for 12 years by the Turks. He was kept in a dungeon and starved. If he wanted to eat, he was thrown rats and birds and told to spear them for food. He died at the age of 34, yet in his short reign he did more for Transylvania's people than any other leader. He was well respected."

Martel plans to write a book on the real Dracula. In the meantime, she's considering playing Dracula's mistress in the first film ever to detail the *real* Vlad's heroic, albeit bizarre, lifestyle. "I think the world is ready for the *human* Dracula," she concludes. "It's time for Vlad to have a love affair. He was a great ruler, a great man. He deserves a fair shake."

KISS KONQUERS THE AIRWAVES

Last month, the second issue of Kiss' Marvel superhero comic book hit the newsstands. This month, the superstar rock band is all set to master the video airwaves with their first superhero telefilm, *Kiss Meets The Phantom of the Park*. The movie is described by Kiss' Gene Simmons as a "two-million-dollar-plus superpower feast."

Co-produced by Hanna-Barbera and Kiss-Aucoin, *Phantom* is an extension of the band's Marvel comics personas. "The story is basically about Kiss which, as a rock group, is hired by an amusement park," Simmons reveals. "The park is losing money because of some weird scheme concocted by a scientist who has created a glut of cybernetic robots. Kiss arrives and nobody knows that we have a box that magically transforms us into superheroes."

The movie will have special effects galore. "I have the ability to fly, superstrength and I can breathe fire," Simmons explains. "Paul Stanley shoots a laser beam through his star-eye, has telescopic vision and instant recall. Peter Criss has cat-like agility, nine lives and can scale buildings. Ace ('Space') Frehley has super-scientific powers in the sense that he can vibrate himself through walls, levitate for short distances and can teleport people by giving them the hitchhiking sign."

The effects done by the Hanna-Barbera studio are described as "beautiful" by long-time SF-fantasy fan Simmons. His flying scenes, he says, are done "like the old *Superman* show": a combination of blue-screen, heavy editing and piano-wire and pulley work. His flames are animated, frame by frame.

Heading the Kiss-TV army is director Gordon Hessler, known for his work for Hammer Films, *The Avengers* TV show and *The Golden Voyage of Sinbad*. "It was great working with Gordon," beams Simmons. "He didn't film it like a television show. It was filmed like a normal, theatrical feature film, using classic camera angles, very Germanesque. I loved it. Gordon will tell us how to move during a scene and I'd say, 'Wow, this really reminds me of the *7th Voyage Of Sinbad* where such and such happens.' He'd start to laugh and we'd both get off on the fact that we could communicate like that while everyone else would be looking at us . . . not knowing what the heck we were talking about. He brought a style and expertise to the film that's strange for TV."

PHOTO: © 1978 AUCOIN MANAGEMENT, INC. BY AGREEMENT WITH "KISS", A PARTNERSHIP. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED



Gene Simmons, a long-time science-fiction fan, prepares to take flight during the filming of Kiss' new telefilm, *Kiss Meets the Phantom of the Park*. His flying scenes were accomplished much in the same manner as the classic *Superman* TV show — a combination of flying leaps, piano wire harnesses and blue screen.

Now that Kiss' first bout with live superheroics is in the can (to be rerun again on NBC in the spring), they plan on turning their attention to the wide screen. "We have an \$8-million movie in the works for next year," confides Simmons. "Real science-fiction/fantasy. I could sum it up in one sentence but it's too good to

give away."

If the Kiss superhero formula works both on TV and in the theaters, the band may soon find themselves matinee idols as well as rock stars, mixing music and mayhem successfully.

Now if only The Hulk could play the guitar . . .

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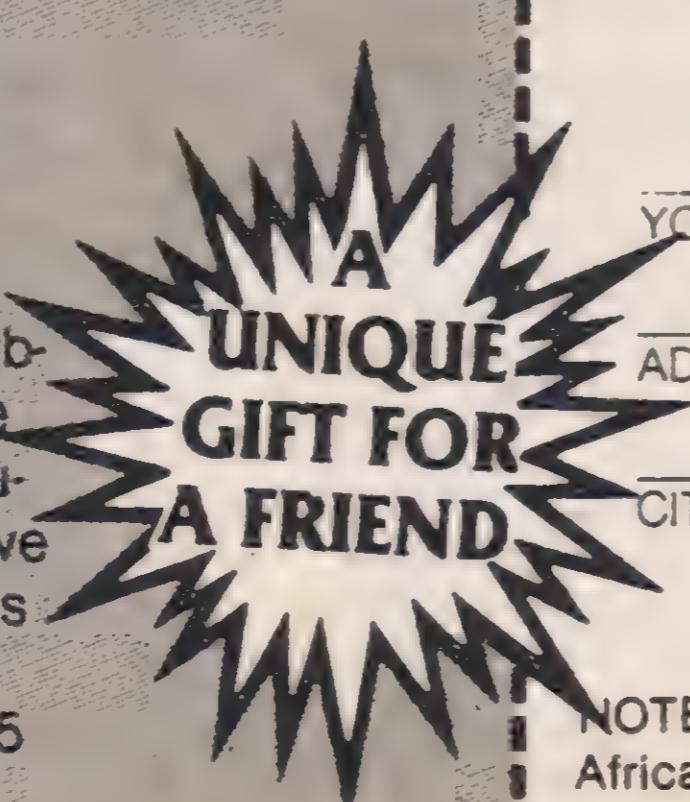
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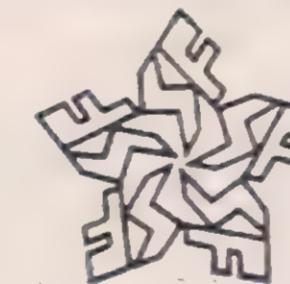
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U.S. INVADED BY DOCTOR WHO

You might not recognize the name, but Doctor Who is a legend in his own time. For 15 years a British TV institution and an unqualified success in 30 foreign countries, he is still relatively unknown in the United States. Although the PBS stations ran some of his older exploits in 1975, very few Americans know of his fame.

WOR-TV, Channel 9 in New York and other affiliated stations hope to remedy that situation this fall. On October 7th at 6:30 p.m., a brand-new *Doctor Who* will premiere, bringing with him the strange associates, weird new worlds and incredible monsters that have made famous his half-hour, serialized SF adventures.

The phenomenon began in 1963 when British Broadcasting Company writers created a 745-year-old "Time Lord"—a mysterious traveler through time and space—to fulfill a 30-minute children's show spot. Soon, however, network ex-

PHOTO: © 1974 BBC, COURTESY WOR-TV



Tom Baker as Dr. Who emerging from his TARDIS. That is, Time And Relative Dimensions In Space, the Dr.'s HQ.

ecutives discovered that kids of all ages were enjoying the Doctor's exploits. A full character and history began to develop until, more than a decade later, the Doctor ("Doctor who?" someone once asked, and it stuck) is still bopping around time immemorial, fighting intergalactic foes.

Although Time-Life films bought the rights to the *Who* telecasts early in the 70s, the eccentric adversary of evil did not find his audience until *Star Wars* took this country by storm. Now independent stations around the country are planning to unleash the Doctor's particular brand of madness. WOR has the rights to 98 episodes in the latest *Who* series starring Tom Baker (*The Golden Voyage of Sinbad*) and featuring the likes of golden cyborgs, robotic creatures called Daleks, giant intelligent ants, suction cup-covered Zygons, the wasp-like Wrrns, Anti-Matter Monsters . . . even the Loch Ness Monster!

Doctor Who's popularity has spawned an international fan club, over three dozen books and countless hours before the tube in England — who knows what his magnetism will draw with the stateside splash.

NEW LIFE FOR VINTAGE MUSIC

STARLOG Records recently released its second album, "The Fantastic Film Music of Albert Glasser." Glasser was king of "B" movie music in the 1940s and 50s. Although his music has graced 135 feature films, 300 TV shows and 450 radio programs, this is the first time it has been released on records. Almost an hour of his music has been collected for STARLOG Records. The music is derived from materials recorded in the late 40s and 50s and early 60s. Some selections were taken from high-quality, original magnetic tapes, while others had to be salvaged from 16-inch transcription discs. Most of the sound quality was less than desirable and

required hours of meticulous editing and cleaning.

Producers Kerry O'Quinn and Tom O'Steen, and sound engineer Art Kendy spent long hours in the recording studio remastering the material with today's finest equipment, including the Dolby system. The sound was greatly enhanced by several sophisticated ambiance techniques, one of which required a split-second sound delay to produce a stereo effect. "The Boy and the Pirates" is the only true stereophonic recording on the album, but it will take a trained ear to tell the real stereo from the enhanced mono.

"In this age of modern sound techniques," says STARLOG producer O'Steen, "we have chosen to reach into our rich past and resurrect sounds and scores that otherwise would turn to dust and be lost forever!"

O'Quinn (left), Kendy and O'Steen: remastering Glasser's music.



STRONGMEN ON SCREEN

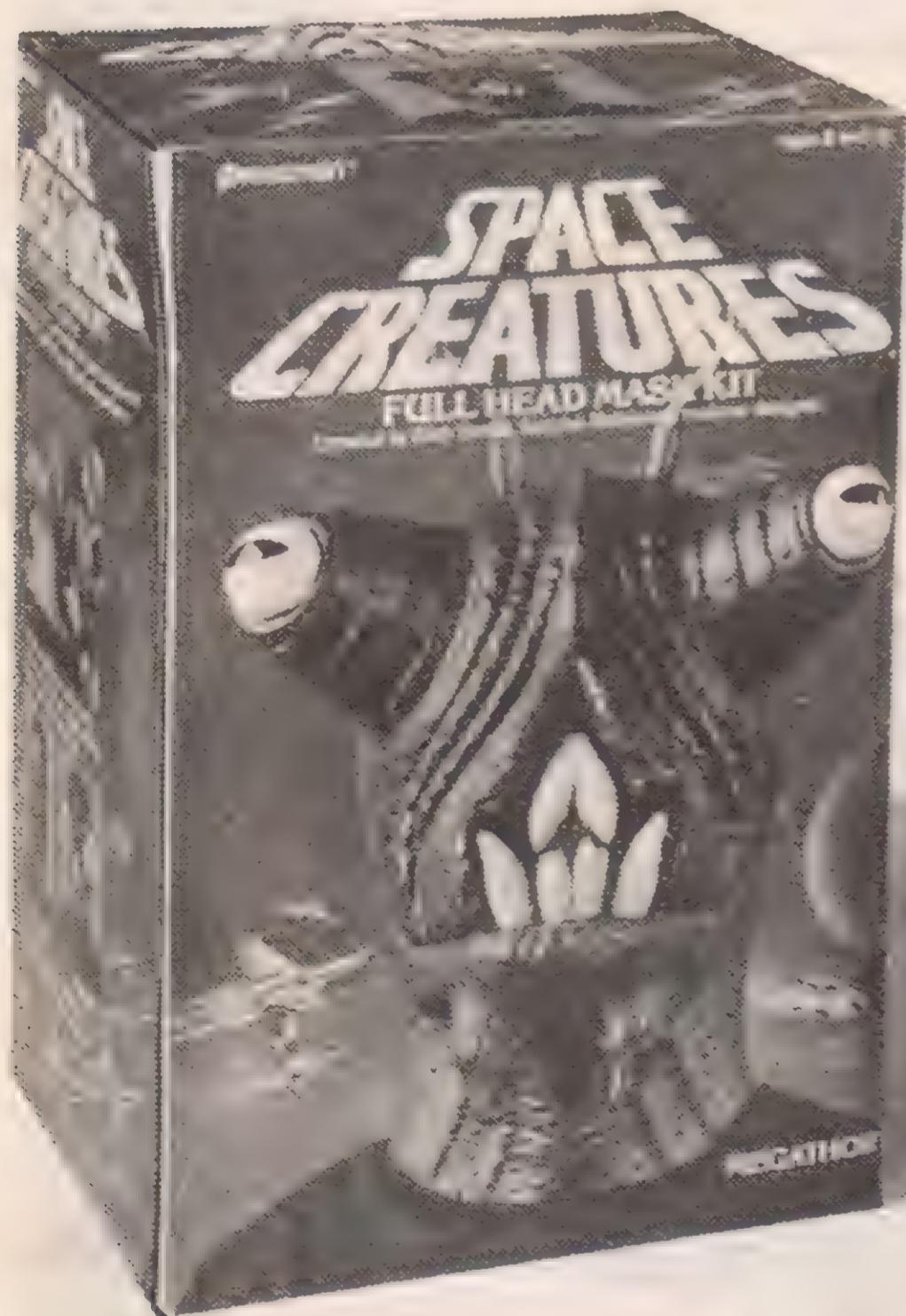
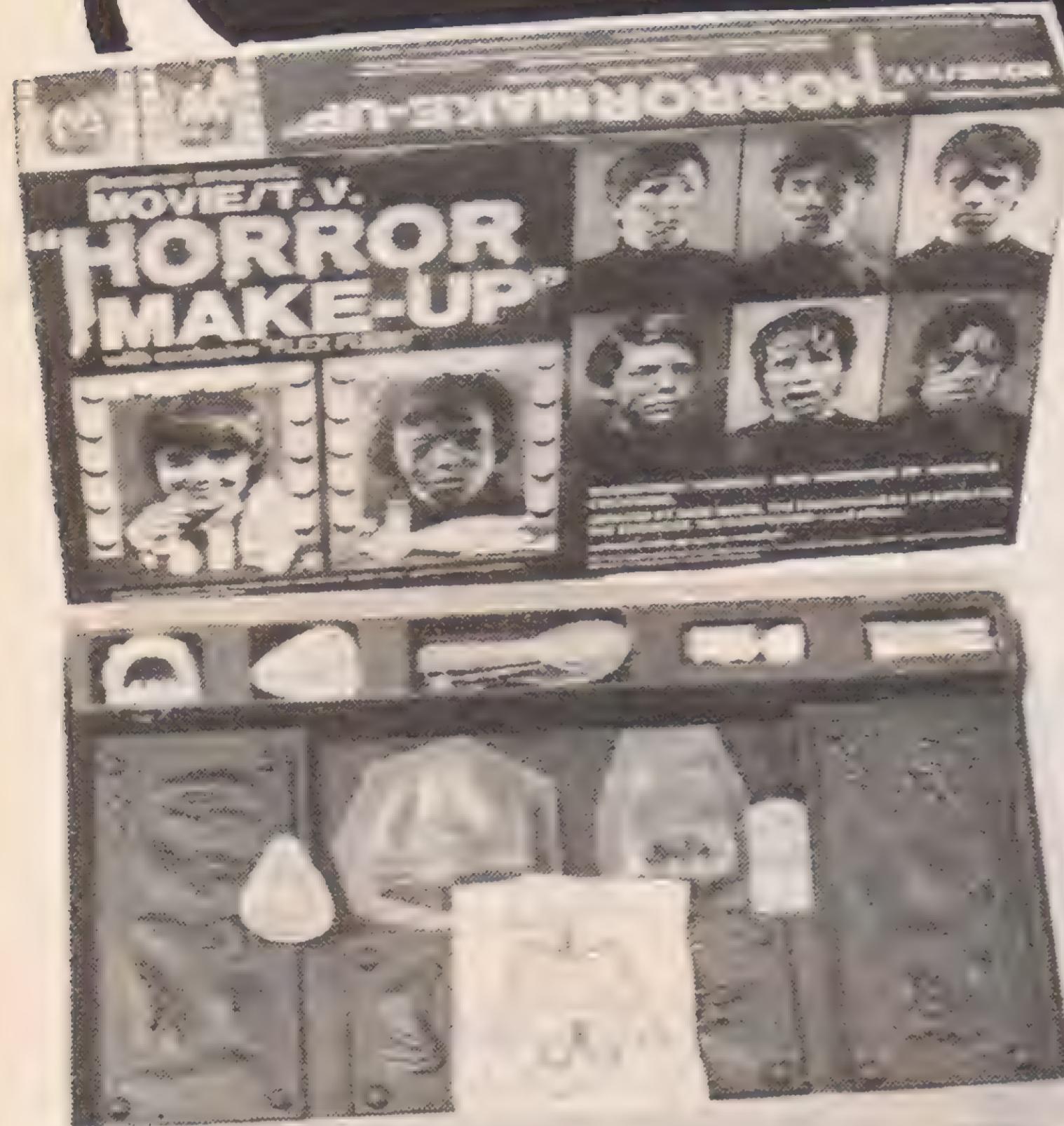
In the midst of the futuristic film wave, two motion picture companies have made a "back to basics" move in the realm of screen heroics. As *Star Wars* and *Close Encounters* crews feverishly attempt to get their sequels underway, Warner Communications and Paramount plan an equally expensive assault on the visual senses that is strictly Earthbound . . . as well as musclebound.

From Warner comes *Greystoke*, Robert Towne's script on the "real" Tarzan legend. Howard Koch, Jr. and Stan Kantner will co-produce this "high-budget" fantasy.

Producer Edward R. Pressman is bringing Paramount a taste of old-fashioned sweat with *Conan*, based on the popular *Conan the Barbarian* tomes by Robert E. Howard. This \$12 million opus is being scripted by Oliver Stone for a 1979 Christmas release. The script is based on several of the novels, and veteran *Conan* illustrator Frank Frazetta has been hired as visual consultant for the musclefest. Pressman hopes to duplicate Frazetta's heroic graphic style on screen. "Conan is closer to Tolkien than *Star Wars*," Pressman stated recently. Set to play the famous hero is bodybuilder Arnold (Pumping Iron) Schwarzenegger.

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SF WRITERS GO HOLLYWOOD

For years, stalwart science-fiction writers have been moaning about the puerile SF antics put forth via Hollywood. Grown authors have been known to weep at the sight of giant pieces of cheese chasing half-clad heroines around bowling alleys and oversized actors grunting over cardboard models of the city of New York on the silver screen. Well, after years of suffering, a handful of science fiction's finest has decided to do something to right the "schlock system."

Lester Goldsmith, a former story development editor at Paramount Pictures, has set up Limelight Films, an organization dedicated to developing at least 12 high-caliber, science-fiction films. Joining Goldsmith in this endeavor will be such SF greats as Isaac Asimov, Harry Harrison, Brian W. Aldiss, Arthur C. Clarke, Robert Sheckley, J. G. Ballard, A. E. Van Vogt, Robert Heinlein, Hal Clement, Poul Anderson, Larry Niven, Jerry Pournelle and Joe Haldeman. Each author will handle the screenplay chores for each of the novels they contribute to Limelight.

"Production money has already been raised," Goldsmith revealed recently. With the wheels now in motion, the organization hopes to get Asimov's *The Bicentennial Man* off the ground by this winter, with Harry Harrison's *The Stainless Steel Rat* to follow.

It's risky. It's unique. But if the Limelight experiment works, SF fans will be blessed with a deluge of quality science-fiction motion pictures ... and half-clad heroines will no longer recoil at the sight of cheese.

HELL HOUND TO BEDEVIL CRENNNA

Richard Crenna, still getting over the cometose condition caused by his recently completed SF telefilm, *A Fire in the Sky* (a tale involving a head-on collision between Earth and a heavenly body), will have to endure the antics of a canine conniver in yet another TV production dealing with SF horror. *Devil Dog: The Hound of Hell*.

Scheduled for a showing on CBS this season, the Zeitman-Landers-Roberts production will feature Crenna and Yvette Mimieux as a couple that adopts a stray dog. The dog, however, turns out to be a fury fury of the out-of-this-world variety and soon begins to influence the entire household in a devilish way.

FANTASY ART FILLS "FUTURE"

Star Hawks — the most successful SF comic strip since *Buck Rogers* — will be featured in the next issue of *FUTURE* magazine (on sale November 7).

Gil Kane, the strip's much-acclaimed artist, has been commissioned to do an original piece of *Star Hawks* art for the cover. In addition, the first two full-color Sunday strips are reproduced inside — accompanying an exclusive interview with *Star Hawks* writer Ron Goulart.

FUTURE #7 also features the SF/fantasy

art of the Brothers Hildebrandt. Greg and Tim, successful fantasy illustrators for years, first received public attention with their 1976 Tolkien art calendar. Their national recognition grew in 1977-78 due to two widely acclaimed projects. The first was their cover and inside color art for Terry Brooks' epic fantasy novel, *The Sword of Shannara*. The second was their sensational *Star Wars* poster — undoubtedly the most popular and successful SF poster in film history.

Lovers of fantasy, comic and space art are sure to be turned on by the full-color graphic bonanza in *FUTURE* #7. ★



That's right Raker — you can no more outrun the *Star Hawks* than you can your own destiny! The above panel from Kane and Goulart's SF strip shows some of the elements that have made *Star Hawks* the most popular comic of its kind since *Buck Rogers*.

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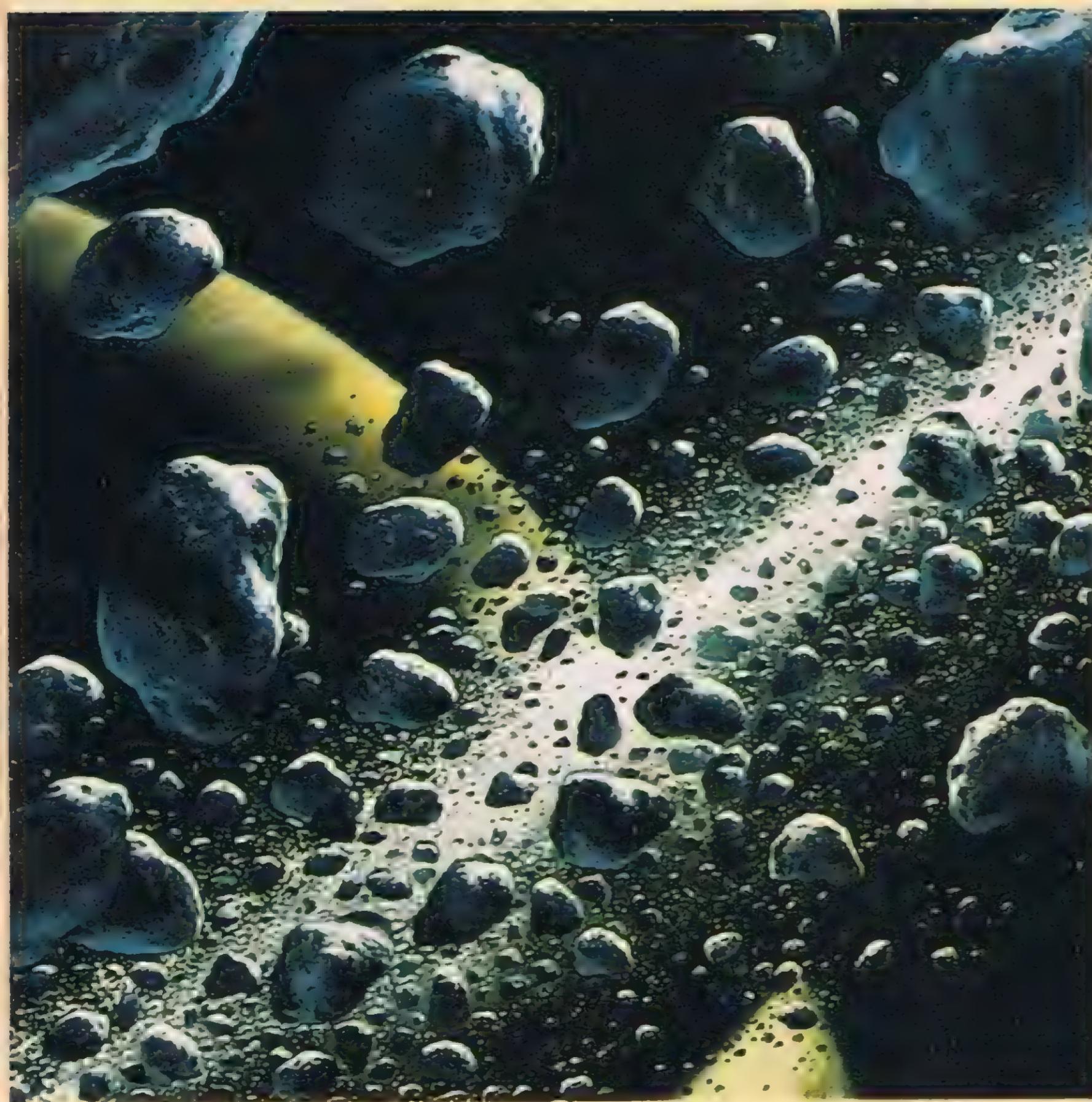
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Here's how The SPACE ART Club works:

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Famed European artist Ludek Pesek has been honored at exhibits around the world and in publications like *National Geographic*. For the Club he will render a spectacular Martian duststorm.



Paintings by Vincent diFate, such as this one, have adorned the covers of SF magazines and books for years, but the artist has created one of his most inspiring works for the Club.

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All Club membership applications (with payment) must be received in our offices by December 15, 1978. After that date, money will be returned. Each edition thereafter will be issued coinciding with the publication dates of FUTURE Magazine — 8 editions per year.

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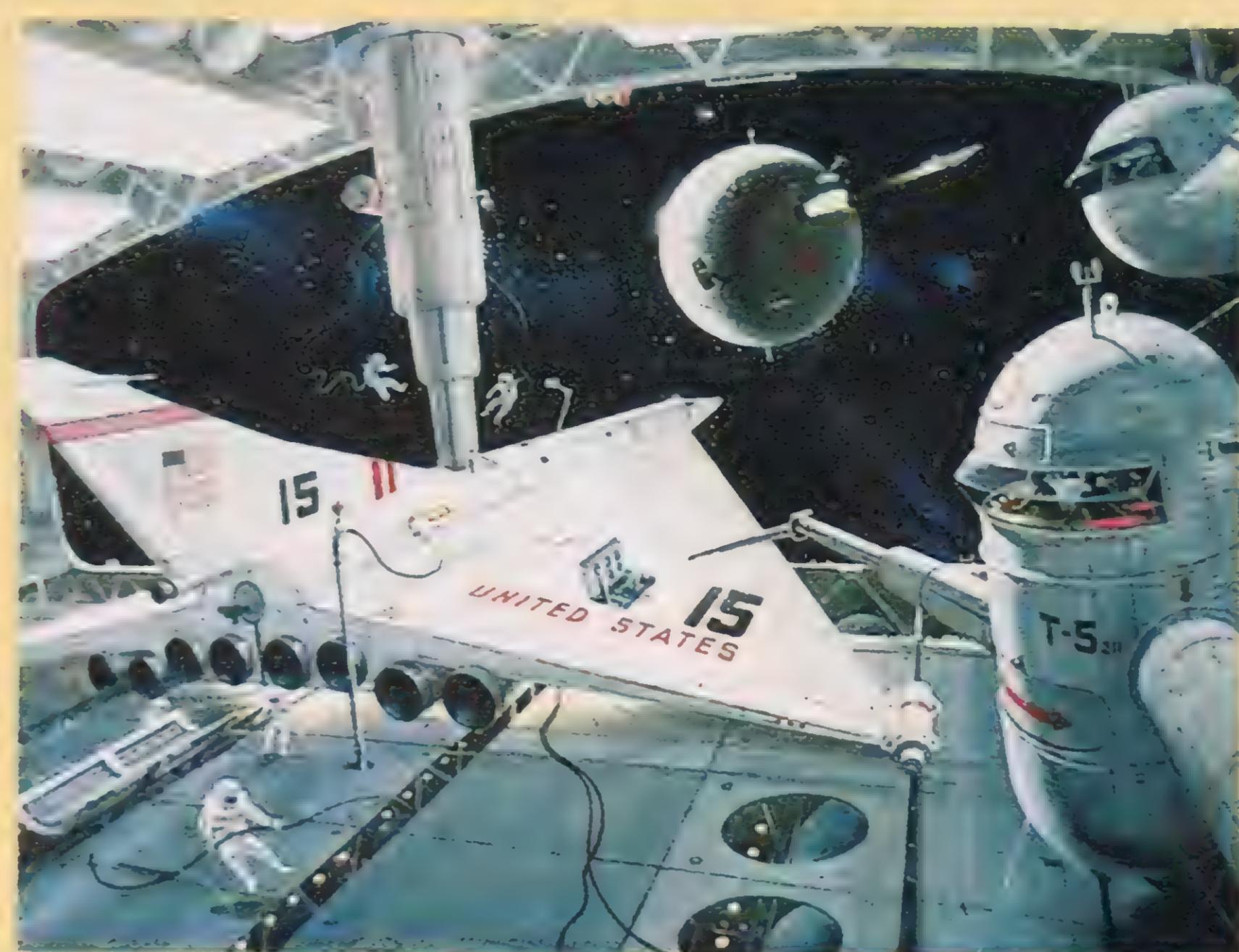
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Luke Skywalker Is Alive And Well In **THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK**

An Interview with Gary Kurtz

By JOSEPH KAY

In May of 1977, two young men succeeded in totally revamping the motion picture industry. It was in that month that writer-director George Lucas and producer Gary Kurtz unveiled their SF spectacular, *Star Wars*. The movie opened fairly unheralded in Los Angeles and New York. Within five days of its initial arrival, however, it was clear that *Star Wars* was not "just another science-fiction pot-boiler." It was something special, instantly triggering the great Celluloid Science-Fiction Boom. Millions of eager moviegoers lined the streets for blocks to catch a glimpse of the film that was shaking the movie world to its rafters. By year's end, *Star Wars* had come to represent a new wave of SF swashbuckling. Its alien characters were considered instant screen classics and its marketing potential deemed infinite. Most importantly, at the box office it outdrew every motion picture released in 1977, becoming the biggest money-maker in film history.

Today, over a year and a half after its debut, *Star Wars* is still setting box-office records but, according to Gary Kurtz, the best is yet to come. In June of 1980 the ambitious young moviemaker hopes to duplicate the original onslaught of *Star*

Wars mania with the release of the first of a series of *SW* sequels. Now in pre-production, the \$10-million follow-up will reunite many of the original movie's stars and characters and will take its cameras across the globe, touching base everywhere from London to the deserts of Africa.

Kurtz, a relaxed, no-nonsense producer with a long history of involvement with film (both as a fan and a multi-faceted technician), has big plans for his *Star Wars* productions. Relaxing in his California headquarters, the bearded SF buff makes it clear that the new movie will not just be a sequel film. According to Kurtz, the new *Star Wars* adventure is one more part of a master plan hatched by *SW* creator George Lucas and himself years ago.

"From the very beginning," he says, "way back when George was making *American Grafitti*, he introduced the original *Star Wars* layout in the form of a multiple-part story. If we ever got the first film off the ground, the thought occurred to me that it would be nice to do several episodes that fit together into one, giant story. George and I didn't actually make the decision to go ahead with the second movie until a month after *Star Wars* was released. Neither of us was positive about how people would react to the first film but, after a month, we knew that interest

was high enough to go with a sequel."

Going along with this long-range concept, the producer refuses to taint the new production with the usual Hollywood sequel slang. The film, for instance, is never referred to in Lucas-Kurtz circles as *Star Wars II*. "I would never call it that," Kurtz winces. "Our working title is *The Empire Strikes Back*. And as I said, it's part of a plan that George and I had from the inception of the original film. What we wanted to do was to relate every subsequent *Star Wars* adventure as an episode of a continuing story, like the old movie serials used to do. We were going to call this movie *Star Wars Episode Two: The Empire Strikes Back*, but we ran into some problems. You see, although this story is a direct sequel to the first movie, we have three more stories that we eventually want to film that actually occur before the point where the first *Star Wars* begins.

"So we've been toying with the idea of ignoring the numbers completely. Instead, we'll give each movie episode a unique title. I mean, if we had to give each film its true number in the series, this movie would be called *Episode Five: The Empire Strikes Back*. The first film would be called *Episode Four!* Can you imagine how complicated it would get? If we released a story like that publicly through a press release,

George Lucas and Gary Kurtz are at it again, conjuring up a mountain of SF swashbuckling for the forthcoming "Star Wars" sequel. But the sequel will merely be the second episode of what Kurtz envisions as "the continuing adventures of Luke Skywalker."



Above: Gary Kurtz behind the scenes. Facing page: *Star Wars*' dramatic opening scene, featuring a speeding Imperial Cruiser.

"... We're approaching this movie as a separate entity unto itself. Our approach to this is that *Empire* is a film that will stand up on its own merit and will be accepted without any reference to the first film."



Producer Gary Kurtz and director George Lucas exchange ideas during the filming of the Tunisian Desert scenes in *Star Wars*.

thousands of people would be totally confused. Everyone would want to know what happened to the other three movies."

Although the upcoming *Empire Strikes Back* was written by screenplay-writer-novelist Leigh Brackett before her death, Kurtz explains that the original idea was actually derived from the first *Star Wars* brainstorming session, a session which eventually produced the twelve tales which comprise the massive *Adventures Of Luke Skywalker* set. As it turns out, these almost mythical tales are not stories in the traditional sense of the word. "They exist in rough outline form," says Kurtz. "They were an outgrowth of the original screenplay concept. The first two or three drafts of *Star Wars* were very long and elaborate, covering a tremendous amount of time and story. We found that we had to cut things in pieces and narrow everything down into story blocks. We wound up with one dozen adventures of Luke Skywalker as a result."

Despite his detailing the history of *The Empire Strikes Back*, Kurtz realizes that the sequel will be viewed by many as just another *Star Wars* spin-off. Kurtz feels that it's important to stress that fact that *Empire* will be unlike any sequel ever filmed. In fact, neither Kurtz nor Lucas view it as a sequel in the Hollywood sense of the word. "We're approaching this movie as a separate entity unto itself," he emphasizes.

"It will be produced well, directed well, written well. *The Godfather II* was a film that was made with this goal in mind and it worked out very well. In fact, a lot of people felt that it was better than the first film.

Usually what happens with a sequel is that if you have a successful original movie the sequel is rushed out to capitalize on the success of the first. And all of the wrong elements from the first film are picked up. The elements that *made* the first film are ignored and the elements that everyone *thinks* made the first film, the most obvious ones, are emphasized. You end up with a film, as in the case of *Jaws II*, where you're telling the same story over again and the audience is amazed that somehow the filmmakers couldn't come up with a slightly different story. I guess it was one of those occasions where the creative people didn't want to tamper with a successful formula."

Kurtz and Lucas feel that, thus far, they have been very successful in keeping *The Empire Strikes Back* light-years away from the standard sequel formula. As successful as their attempts have proven, however, they have still had their share of problems concerning the script . . . problems of a totally unexpected nature. The script, penned by Brackett, was carefully constructed to avoid all clichés and stereotypes. Unfortunately, shortly after finishing her initial draft, the talented writer passed away. Already nearing pre-production time, Kurtz and Lucas picked up the script and ran with it.

"We now have two drafts that we're quite pleased with," says Kurtz. "We took Leigh Brackett's draft and looked at it. It was fine. George took it and made some minor modifications, fleshing it out a bit because, obviously, she didn't have the chance. She was going to do two drafts

and a polish but passed away just as she was about to start the second draft. The difference between her first draft and the second one completed by George is fairly minimal. George had to re-adjust the emphasis slightly. We may or may not hire another writer to do a minor dialogue polish. We'll be making that decision soon."

During the time when the first script was being edited, Kurtz and Lucas had to make other decisions concerning the film, including exactly what originator Lucas' involvement with the picture was going to be. "George will be acting as supervisor for the film," states Kurtz, "sort of an executive producer, I guess. He has worked on all the story elements and he wants to make sure that the movie progresses along the proper track. It's his original story and he wants to make sure it goes smoothly. He's working on some things right now that don't have anything to do with directing. He's staying out of filmmaking, concentrating on his writing. He's been available for consultation and has sat in on most of the planning meetings."

Replacing Lucas in the *Star Wars* director's chair will be Irvin Kershner, the director of *The Eyes Of Laura Mars*, *The Flim-Flam Man* and *Raid On Entebbe*. "We picked him for several reasons. Of all the directors we talked to he was one of the people who had worked with action before and had a good graphic sense. He's a visual director," Kurtz emphasizes. "Also, he hasn't gotten a chance to do science fiction before. He's very enthusiastic about it, which is important. He has a good at-



Kurtz poses with a relaxed Kenny Baker. Note Baker's happy feet.

titude toward the characters on a legitimate basis. He wasn't cynical when we met him. He has a very real interest in science fiction on both its serious and humorous level. We found out during our various interviews with directors that it was more difficult than we had thought to find someone that seemed to be right in terms of their *attitude* toward the material."

And just what about the material? Will eager *Star Wars* fans get to see all their favorite aliens back again in *The Empire Strikes Back*? According to Kurtz, an intergalactic class reunion is just what the script calls for. "Mark Hamill, Harrison Ford, Carrie Fisher, David Prowse, Kenny Baker and Peter Mayhew are all set for the new film."

The producer smiles enigmatically when it comes to revealing any vital story details from the forthcoming movie. "Well, I can't really say too much," he demurs. "The new story takes place after the end of the first one. It's a progression in that the rebels have moved on to try to form a new base of operations and are still being harassed by the Empire. But we want to keep a lot of the key elements confidential for a while because there are some other projects around that are working along similar ideas as *Star Wars*."

"We will continue to have action elements and suspense involved in *Empire*, but we will spend a little bit more time on character development and the relationships between characters. By the way, the romantic triangle (Han-Leia-Luke) is resolved in this one, but I'd rather not say

how. I want that to be a surprise.

"Obviously this film doesn't resolve all the problems with Darth Vader and his people or the rebels because we have yet another story that we're working on now that is really the third part of this storyline and will reconcile certain elements."

"The new movie will also have some new alien and human characters that we hope will be as appealing as the ones in the original *Star Wars*," he adds. Along with new faces and plot twists, *The Empire Strikes Back* will offer a horde of new special effects designed to re-impress old friends. This time out, the SFX chores will fall into the able hands of Brian (*Space: 1999*) Johnson while original *SW* effects master John Dykstra moves on to greener pastures. "We're trying some new effects that have never been attempted before," Kurtz relates. "As a matter of fact, we're assembling the new equipment now. Of course, some of the effects will be extensions of what was done before. We'll have a *lot* of outer space battles."

Leaving the particulars of *The Empire Strikes Back* momentarily, Kurtz returns to his anti-sequel theme. "Our approach to this," he re-emphasizes, "is that this is a film that will stand up on its own merit and be accepted without any reference to the first film. And that's the way we'll approach each one of them in the future."

Each one of them? Surely Kurtz can't be thinking of filming all twelve *Star Wars* adventures! "Well," he shrugs off-handedly. Obviously, the producer is thinking of just that, envisioning what could probably develop into the most suc-

" . . . it's part of a plan that George and I had from the inception of the original film. What we wanted to do was to relate every subsequent *Star Wars* adventure as an episode of a continuing story, like the old movie serials used to do."

cessful movie series of all times . . . or the most spectacular TV show ever launched. At this point, Kurtz can see Luke Skywalker stalking the silver screen indefinitely. The boob tube, on the other hand, looks like rough terrain upon which to tread.

"We've talked a little about TV," Kurtz confesses, "but I don't generally like the idea because television has a lot of restrictions that are difficult to deal with. The time spent on TV is so breakneck, so horrendous that what usually happens is that the first couple of shows of your series turn out really good because you have the time to spend on them. Then as you get caught up in the rat race, it gets worse and worse. You try desperately to finish each show on time. The only alternative for a good series is to go into it with every single episode planned out in advance. But even that wouldn't work. I think that the impact of a *Star Wars* series on television just wouldn't be as great in terms of both visual presentation and sound quality. We've pretty much ignored television, with the idea that a series would be too difficult to deal with."

Until the day when either Kurtz' attitude or the technical abilities of television change, the *Star Wars* epics will be a permanent fixture on movie screens. One classic film completed . . . a sequel currently in the works . . . a third movie in the planning stage. Just how long do Kurtz and Lucas intend Luke Skywalker to fight the forces of evil throughout the galaxy?

Kurtz smiles at the thought: "For years and years to come." *

“Galactica” Heroes
 Dirk Benedict & Richard Hatch
 Explain Their Swashbuckling Alter-Egos,
 Starbuck & Apollo

Two Crazy Kind of Guys

By DAVID HOUSTON

Dirk Benedict

On the small television screen, the plotline for the latest *Battlestar Galactica* episode unfolds. Amidst chaos and confusion appears Starbuck, the new SF TV show's irresponsible, shortsighted, carefree, wisecracking rocket jock. Starbuck is the quintessential smirking hero, aggravating but endearing. Offscreen, actor Dirk Benedict claims that he isn't at all as hedonistic as his Starbuck creation, although he does see certain similarities between himself and the role he plays.

“I live up to commitments, and I'm on time, but I'm not a responsible person. I'm not someone who believes one must fit into some sort of system. I have a policy of not making decisions. You don't have to decide what you're going to do, what you're going to be, what you're going to major in . . . these things will become known to you eventually, and all you have to do is take the steps.

“You don't have to decide to be in a TV series. You wait till someone comes up and says, ‘Hey, you want to do a TV series?’ Here I am doing a TV show, and here I'll stay — unless I become an egomaniac and they fire me.”

Without drawing parallels, he continues to sketch Starbuck: “He's very excitable, a passionate con man. He'll cheat, but he's never malicious or out to hurt anybody. He knows every gambling casino in the galaxy, and enjoys the women. He's easily distracted in the face of very serious situations; so a large part of him is childlike — even though he smokes cigars. He's always in trouble, nowhere near ready to settle down into any sort of monogamous relationship. I think he's easy for young people to identify with.

“Starbuck and Apollo (played by Richard Hatch) are contemporaries, but Apollo is more mature; he thinks of the future and is concerned with the safety of everybody. But I get lost in the present, and have to be reminded of what's going on.”

This is an unusual role for Dirk Benedict, who has up till now played largely introspective and sensitive young men, or neurotic criminals. “*Galactica* is my first opportunity to play an upbeat character with a sense of humor and who enjoys life.”

The character pleases him, and the production of *Galactica* continues to hold him in awe. “Being on this set for the past five months has been the most incredible experience any actor in television could have! It's better than being on *Charlie's Angels* with Farrah back. There's no way to make you understand the amount of money that's being spent. You come in for a shot at 7:30, and the camera doesn't roll until 11:30 because of all the special effects that have to be prepared.

(Continued on page 26)

Richard Hatch

Richard Hatch — Captain Apollo on ABC's *Battlestar Galactica* — has plans for his TV persona that only a long-time science-fiction enthusiast would envision.

Hatch loved the novels of Jules Verne as a child and in college: “I didn't know what I wanted to do with my life, so I had no real interest in anything — except I wanted to go to the Olympics; I was a pole vaulter — and all day long I would sit there in class reading science fiction. I'd stay immersed in my book until two o'clock, when I could go out and do sports.”

It's hard for Hatch to name favorites, since he's read them all. Philip Wylie springs to mind, because he recently read Wylie's *The Disappearance*, and Frank Herbert because the *Dune* trilogy lives vividly in his memory.

“I just love science fiction. The authors sometimes seem almost psychic — telling you about the future, offering solutions, alternatives. And a lot of SF is very spiritual, metaphysical.”

It is largely the spiritual side that he finds applicable to *Galactica* and the characters therein. First, though, he sets a context that makes the super-spectacular seem like any other acting job.

“It's really no different from being in an acting class. There's a reality, a truth, that I have to find in every scene; and whether the people are five thousand years in the future or five thousand in the past, they're still human beings. They feel and think. We're dealing with bizarre situations — alien hardware, different terminology, spaceships — but we're still human beings who hate, love, wage war . . .

“It is difficult trying to conjure up how a person would react in such unusual situations. That's the hard part: making up a reality for yourself.

“The special effects? They're done somewhere else. The actors just report to the set and try to make the scenes come to life.”

“There's another difficulty — with the texture of the show. It's in the blend of drama and comedy. It's a very narrow pathway to tread. I love lightness, comedy, but it's very important to me that it come out of the drama, out of the reality of the situation. Camp can be fun, but it defeats the reality of the moment. The best comedy — like Neil Simon's plays — has a reality, a basic truth rooted in it.

“At the moment, all of us are still looking for the right levels. The writers are very responsive to what the actors can convey — they're willing to try a lot of things to get the most out of the characters. At this stage, we're still trying to discover what works best.” (The three-hour movie and the following two-hour special have been shot, and the first hour-long episode is in production at

(Continued on page 29)



Richard Hatch (left) and Dirk Benedict as Apollo and Starbuck in a calm moment on board the *Battlestar Galactica*.



Above: Richard Hatch and Dirk Benedict find themselves the captives of two less-than-friendly Cylons. Right: Dirk with guest star Britt Ekland in a tale of clonedom on a frozen planet. The clone story also features ex-Tarzan, Denny Miller.



Dirk Benedict

(continued from page 24)

"We just finished a show that takes place on an ice planet. The set was so real you kept looking for the ski lifts. I kept singing 'White Christmas.' They used a new kind of snow that even smelled like snow. With huge shakers at the top of the stage, they can control the density of it and everything."

"When we did the first show, it was really something to come in here and see what the Cylons looked like, and how the laser guns worked and all the special equipment we have to use!" The costumes, he admits, are uncomfortably hot, "but I wouldn't change them for the world, because they're so right."

A partial explanation for Benedict's enthusiasm might come from the fact that show business isn't old hat to him. He didn't even experience movies and TV when he was growing up.

"I never grew up, I haven't grown up yet; but I was born in White Sulphur Springs, Montana, a little ranch town. I was a town boy, the son of a lawyer. I was an aristocrat, I guess, but I worked all the time. I had my first job working on a ranch."

He saw his first movies during the last few years of high school, when they would show films in town during the summer months. "But they couldn't compete with the outdoors." With his father, "a man with an incredible diversity of interests," he made his own bows and arrows. They had a jeep, and would take it — loaded with archery equipment and firearms — "and spend hours just going into the mountains for target practice."

It was this small-town boy, considering himself "very poorly read," who went to college in Walla Walla, Washington, and a rank greenhorn at it, found himself in show business:

Music interested him most. In early years he had learned to play trombone, piano and guitar. "I wasn't interested in economics, political science, biology, and I didn't know theater existed."

But the other guys on the freshman football team knew about theater and dared Dirk to try out for the school musical. "I'm ashamed to admit that I had never been to the theater there." He auditioned, though, and was given the lead role of Gaylord Ravanal in *Showboat* — one of the most demanding of singing and acting chores.

"I tried to get out of it, but the head of the department wouldn't let me. I was a pledge in a jock fraternity on campus, and that changed the face of the fraternity. A couple of my friends came down to help, and in the course of the years that followed, the Phi Delta fraternity became the number one cracker-jack set builders for the theater. The guys loved it. They liked being around all the theater freaks, and I was sorta the bridge between them."

As more and more acting and singing opportunities presented themselves at college, Dirk found himself concurrently disenchanted with his music major. "I didn't get along with the head of the music department. I would write things that didn't adhere to the rules, and he was afraid I was wanting to break rules before I understood them. I was too avant garde, and I wasn't good in



ALL PHOTOS: © 1978 ABC-TV



Above: the main control room located on the bridge of the *Galactica*. Left: Starbuck takes careful aim.

"Galactica is my first opportunity to play an upbeat character with a sense of humor and who enjoys life. He's very excitable, a passionate con man. He'll cheat, but he's never malicious or out to hurt anybody."

the ear-training aspect."

So he switched his major to theater, and got his degree. "I decided that acting was something worth pursuing, and I wanted to go to a professional school in Michigan — Meadowbrook Theater, north of Detroit."

There he remained for two years, studying and appearing in repertory theater. Then came a season or two of summer stock, and then New York.

"I got to New York in June and by September I had a job." The play was *Abelard and Heloise* — which tried out in Los Angeles, hit New York with a blaze of publicity, and closed after a very short run. Two weeks afterward, Dirk Benedict was on his way to Sweden to make the first of his movies, *Georgia, Georgia*. Returning home, he replaced Keir Dullea in *Butterflies are Free*, on Broadway, with Gloria Swanson. When the play closed in New York, the young actor received and accepted an offer to recreate his role in Hawaii. That's where the television industry discovered Dirk Benedict and gave him a guest lead in *Hawaii Five-O*. From that came a starring role on *Chopper One*, which, as he puts it, "was probably Aaron Spelling's only unsuccessful TV show."

Following the demise of *Chopper One*, "I did nothing for two years. Literally nothing. Finally I said, 'This is getting ridiculous.' "

Consistent with his policy of avoiding decisions, he says, "My career always just happened. *It followed me*. I never used to call my agent, knock on doors, any of that stuff. So when my cycle

ended, I was really out of it. I couldn't get a job. I had never hustled, never pushed, never tried to make things happen. I knew no different, and I really wasn't motivated."

The two years of unemployment were not wasted, however. "I had other interests. So I just took off. I trapped, skied, fished and wrote several things — screenplays." One of the screenplays is currently under option to a Hollywood producer.

"I am a perfect example of someone who did all the *wrong* things," he states. "I never beat my head against a wall to get where I am. I know a lot of people wouldn't like to hear me say that, but it's true. Except that I *worked* too. I spent years studying and training and I *am* experienced. But I've never tortured myself psychologically, never needed to."

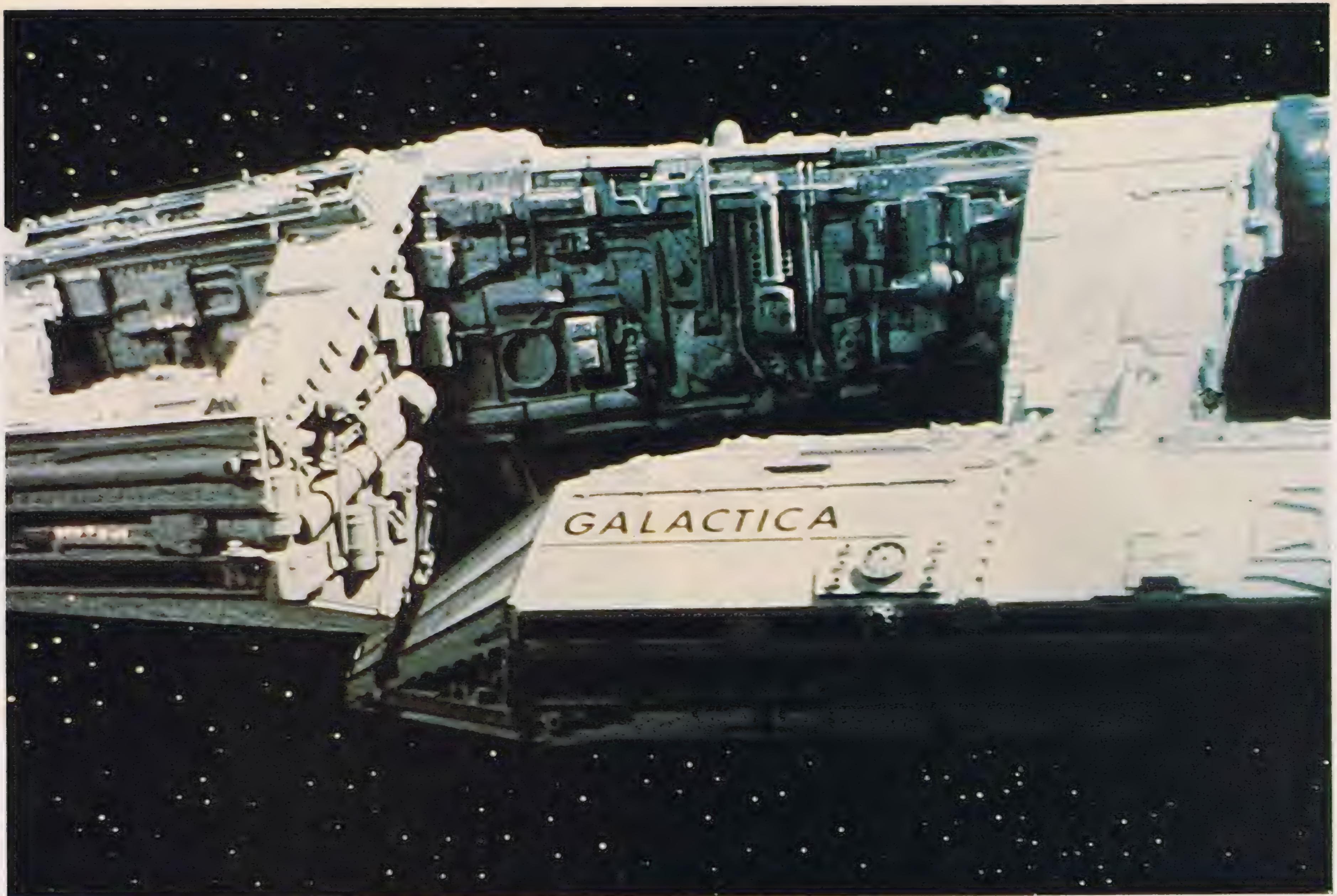
Benedict's two-year vacation magically ended when casting directors at Universal saw *Sssss*, a slimy science-fiction thriller about a slightly deranged scientist who turns innocent lads into cobras. Dirk played one of the victims. His performance as a soon-to-be-snake earned him a berth on *Galactica*.

"Funny thing was," he muses, "I had already auditioned for *Galactica* and they had said, 'No, he's not right for it.' I went back, and they said, 'We've already seen him.' "

Following *Sssss*, however, they saw him again. And, somehow, Dirk Benedict turned rejection into acceptance . . . quite an extraordinary feat.

Even wisecracking Starbuck would be impressed.

Continued on page 28



Top of page: a detail of the incredible model work employed for *Battlestar Galactica*. Left: Richard Hatch as Captain Apollo is joined by Rick Springfield as younger brother Lt. Zac. Zac meets a fiery end in the show's premier episode. Springfield, by the way, is also a rock singer-guitarist with albums released on both the Capitol and Columbia labels. Above: Lorne Greene as Commander Adama chats with studious son Apollo. Both actors are veterans of highly successful TV series; Greene being the former star of the famed oatburner *Bonanza* and Hatch being Karl Malden's former sidekick on *The Streets of San Francisco*. Both find the show "spectacular."

"I see Apollo as an idealized character. Through him, I'd like to show the sensitive side of a strong man. He's as much a Renaissance man as I can make him. And he's an evolved man. He's gained an advanced perspective of life through living and through learning from thousands of years of social evolution."

Richard Hatch

(Continued from page 25)

the time of this interview.)

Richard Hatch — a veteran of *The Streets of San Francisco* (he replaced Michael Douglas for the final year), two-and-a-half years as a regular character on the soap opera *All My Children*, numerous plays and nighttime TV guest spots — considers the *Galactica* production of highest quality.

"Most companies have to continuously cut corners, settle for less than the best. Not *Galactica*. We still have to work quick, and there's only so much money, but the producers are determined that everything be the best it possibly can be. They know it's the little places that count. For instance, we have these alien creatures that feed on human flesh. In one shot of them, the lighting wasn't quite right, and their walk was just not convincing. They could have let that go, but they went back and reshotted the entire sequence to get the right look, the right texture."

How does he see his contribution to the endeavor — the character of young stalwart Apollo?

"He's down-to-earth, able to learn from the past and see the present in a rational way. I don't mean he's psychic — merely perceptive. He has a strong sense of responsibility, and he cares about the people he deals with. Even though he lives in a highly complicated, highly evolved, mechanized society, there's a simplicity about him, a certain naivete. He has a strong sense of values and really believes in honesty and truth."

"Through him, I'd like to show the sensitive side of a strong man. He's as much a Renaissance Man as I can make him." The combination comes naturally to Richard Hatch who claims he's "a jock at heart," and who is an accomplished classical pianist, guitarist and song-writer.

"And he's an evolved man. I'd like to show somebody living in an emotionally evolved world, make him somebody who responds to things a little differently. He's gained an advanced perspective on life through living, and through learning from thousands of years of social evolution."

Hallie Stitch, an ABC representative, interjects that she finds thoughts of humanity's future and the possibility of aliens out there, who might want to subjugate us, a mite frightening. "Particularly when I was a child, but even now, if I really stop to think about it . . ." She contends that in *Star Wars* and all the flicks of monster invasions, the good guys win, "but I don't think we really could deal with people so much more sophisticated than we who might come into the solar system."

Hatch becomes agitated and opens his emotional gate. "But how wonderful to think that — assuming there is somebody out there — they could already have subjugated us if they'd wanted to! If they had wanted to destroy us, they could have done so long ago."

"Maybe they're just now arriving here," Stitch ventures.

"Listen," Hatch says, "you cannot evolve emotionally without evolving in a humanistic direction. If you evolve in a negative way, you will destroy yourself. Destructive thinking destroys. Those who survive have no choice but to grow benevolent. That's what I loved so much about the last fifteen minutes of *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*. When you saw those creatures, what you saw — what I saw anyway — was incredible simplicity, love, intelligence, wonder . . . childlikeness. People who have evolved spiritually. It's the closest thing I've ever seen . . . it made me cry."

"If you've evolved, your emotions have evolved. I don't mean you've blocked yourself off from your emotions and emotions are passe. That's as much a mistake in the opposite direction. If you evolve, you evolve in a good sense, or you blow yourself up. Eventually, we must evolve beyond war."

"I see Apollo as an idealized character. And my own ideals are involved, of course. I've been talking to the writers about this. I think we'll eventually agree, but they don't have much time these days. They're working around the clock."

Does Hatch see *Galactica* as a sure-fire, long-range success? "It's gotta be the most spectacular show ever seen on television, especially from the aspect of special effects. But what it will boil down to, after all the fireworks are over, is the same thing every show boils down to. Do you like the people? Do you like the situations they're in?"

"You know, there are so many science-fiction shows, so many special-effects shows coming out in the next couple of years, that the audience will have spectaculairs jammed down their throats. Who survives will be determined by who has the best story values, the best writing, the most appealing characters. And good science fiction has always made you care about the story, the people. You have to get wrapped up in it. Science fiction was never monsters versus humans. That was a bastardization of science fiction."

When the interview concludes, Hallie Stitch laughs; and says, "Richard gets so emotional when he's wound up!"

True, and the same quality underlies what we see of Apollo. It probably explains a lot about the charisma of both the actor and the character. Richard Hatch may see it as a matter of emotional evolution. What the audience sees is, he *cares*.

STATE OF THE ART

Implications in "CE3K" — Part two

Last issue, we were talking about "implications" in *CE3K*, and the fact that those who had actually had first-hand contact with the aliens would be as *saints* to the rest of us.

The possibility of extraterrestrial life has become a form of twentieth-century theology. We have true prophets like Carl Sagan, false prophets like Von Daniken and hundreds of thousands of believers who want to see or claim to have seen UFOs. The UFOs, of course, are *angels* in this theology. Should we ever have absolutely incontrovertible proof of the existence of angels, then those who would have walked and talked with them would be sanctified by that experience — we wouldn't have to wait for Rome to canonize them.

And it is that implication in *CE3K* which is most fascinating to consider — because those who had been touched by the aliens would be changed in ways we cannot conceive. They would have been lifted to levels of awareness that many of the rest of us would find incomprehensible. We would struggle to understand them because they were saints — but we would be puzzled, hurt, confused by the demands that such a new awareness might put on us. We would have to abandon cherished ideas and beliefs in order to rise to that higher level of existence — and if we refused to abandon that extra baggage, the weight of it would hold us down and keep us from ever reaching those higher levels.

Let's talk specifics. Roy Neary's wife, Ronnie, believed that her husband had gone suddenly crazy. She couldn't understand what he was looking for or why he was doing all these strange things — finally, in desperation, she packs the kids into the car and flees to her mother's. Roy Neary is left standing in the middle of the street with all the neighbors staring at him and wondering. Now let's flash forward to a moment that occurs shortly after the ending of the picture. The United States government interrupts all broadcasting to announce the most momentous event in the planet's history — the human race has established contact with an extraterrestrial species.

The immediate reaction is disbelief.



PHOTO: © 1978 COLUMBIA

Then the pictures are shown — on TV, in movie theaters, everywhere.

Perhaps other nations announce that they too have had visitations — the Soviet Union, the People's Republic of China, the Union of South Africa, the United Arab Republic.

Skeptical about that possibility? So am I — but isn't it vanity to think that the aliens would consider only the United States of America to be worthy of their attention? And if the United States released photographs of such an event, it's quite likely that many millions of people on this planet would automatically discredit their validity because they distrust the source. Remember, the USA is a rich nation in a world of poor ones — it's axiomatic to many poor people that wealth is an automatic indicator of guilt; you only get it by exploiting others. The idea that wealth can be a product of diligence is alien to those who have never experienced the concept of profit. Anyway, without landings of their own, the Communist world might assume the events at Devil's Tower to be a stunt, staged for some kind of plot; ditto the Arabs and the Chinese and the South Americans and the Africans.

My own suspicion is that it is far more important that the dictators and tyrants in this world experience a contact with aliens than it is for the thoughtful and intelligent people to do so. After all, the good people

don't need to have it proved to them that there is a higher level of existence — the shallow ones do.

After the disbelief, then the gradual acceptance — first caution, then curiosity.

The immediate curiosity would be manifested in a thorough examination of the chronology of events, who was involved and what was learned. The newspapers and TV-news shows would examine every detail under the microscope of their attention. The individuals involved would be subjected to endless hours of questioning — and this is where Ronnie Neary comes in. If she thought living with a crazy husband was tough, then living without him in a world turned crazy will be even tougher.

The kids, Brad, Toby and Sylvia, would be delighted at the attention — they are suddenly celebrities because Daddy went flying in a UFO. He wasn't crazy after all — he's a hero! (Wherever he is now . . .) But Ronnie Neary is the true tragic figure here, because events will have turned her world even more upside down than she could imagine. Before this, at least, she could deal with her situation — her husband had seen a strange light in the sky and gone crazy; that she could live with, somehow, because insanity was something that occurred in her conception of Earth. But now, suddenly, everyone was telling her that she had been wrong — Roy Neary *had seen* something! It was true! And all the skeptics were wrong!

A Column by David Gerrold



Poor Ronnie Neary — first she would feel joy at knowing that Roy was all right, that he hadn't been crazy — but coupled with that joy would be remorse and sorrow and guilt, because she hadn't been brave enough or strong enough to trust him and believe him and stand by him when he needed her. Her whole life had been based on trying to be a good wife to her husband, and when the crunch came, she wasn't there — she *failed*.

As a result, she would be puzzled and hurt and confused by her instant celebrityhood. When the reporters come to her to ask her how she feels about her husband's exploits, she would at first try to be polite, but would probably end up screaming at them to leave her and her family alone. It's easy to postulate her kids turning rapidly into spoiled brats — "You can't touch me! My daddy's Ron Neary, and we've got the sky-people on our side!"

Do you see the horror of that last sentence? "We've got the sky-people on our side!"

Because that's the next step — as various national governments try to comprehend the meaning of the strange events at Devil's Tower and elsewhere, they will try to explain it to others in self-serving terms. It's not too hard to imagine some self-important bureaucrat, whether in the USA, China or Russia, telling the people that "the sky-people chose us because we are a freedom-loving nation." From there, it's only a short step to: "The sky-people believe in free-enterprise..." Or: "The sky-people believe in the collective order." Or whatever other belief you want to promulgate.

It doesn't matter one bit what the sky-people actually believe or practice. If they're not around to defend themselves or explain themselves, then the human race will feel free to interpret the information of the aliens' existence into the most convenient rationales possible, particularly those rationales that will not mandate a change in your own behavior, only in the behavior of others.

(By the way, doesn't that sound a lot like, "You better do this because that's what God says you have to do!" You can't argue with God, you know.)

But on the other hand, there would be a great many people who would be trying to understand the aliens on their terms — which would mean not so much *explaining*

them as *experiencing* them — and eventually *they would be heard!* This truth is too big to hide.

Jillian Guiler and Barry Guiler would be heroes, not prophets, to this latter kind of believer. Jillian and Barry would refuse to be prophets anyway — at least in the traditional sense of the word. Jillian would tell of her experiences, so would Barry — as much as he remembered when he grew older — but they would be low-key prophets; those who actually had experienced the aliens wouldn't be concerned with shallow things like celebrityhood, they would be more concerned with sharing the joy that the sky-people have inspired, the knowledge that *we are not alone*.

In that, the joy of the sky-people is also a sexual joy. You have to have experienced it yourself to recognize it, but it is the joy of realizing that you have found your missing piece, the one that makes you complete, your sleeping beauty or your prince charming, the person who enlarges you as you enlarge him/her — your *lover*!

It is a meeting of two great intelligences, an opening of communication, a *trusting* — if love is a combination of lust and trust, then the events depicted in *CE3K* are a cosmic act of love.

And the individuals who are touched by the sky-people are those who have experienced it first-hand. They cannot help but glow with the joy, they cannot help but want to touch the rest of us and share that joy with us as well.

They would not mean to, but they would become a new religion. A new hysteria upon the face of the Earth.

After the books, there would be the songs, the music, the endless repetitions of the five-note theme. The whole of human endeavor would be turned toward space. Not just the sciences, but the arts and the emotions.

Along the way, certain very nice things would happen. The possibility of nuclear war would drop to zilch. Every person who becomes convinced of the sky-people's existence and good intentions would be one less person who would want to fight over a muddy piece of dirt, would be one less person concerned with whether the line is drawn through the Sinai, the Gaza or the River Jordan. The Universe is waiting for us and we're arguing about whose fence is on whose property? Don't be silly. If you have the intelligence to

comprehend what is happening, ultimately, you will reach an awareness of what it means on a global scale as well.

The big question, of course, is *when will they return?*

If they return in a few years, say anything up to ten or twenty, there will be increased joyousness — *they came back!* It wasn't just a one-night stand! It's going to be a whole love affair!

If and when they do return, Roy Neary will be regarded as another Christ — a man who walked with angels and touched the face of God . . .

If they don't return, then Earth was only a casual visit — the implication is that these sky-people go from place to place to place, but never stay for long.

That Mother Ship — that was no starship for getting from here to there — that was a whole city, a nation, a world! And it doesn't matter where the sky-people came from — they aren't planet-people any more. They're *sky-people!* They live in the sky. They take their world with them and they can go wherever they want.

After they've seen Earth, there may be no further reason for them to stay around here any more — they've taken aboard some Earth people as passengers to accompany them on their journey, their way of sharing themselves, but now they're going on to seek out other strange new worlds and new life forms, to boldly go where no sky-person has ever gone before.

If that's the case, that we're only to be visited by them once and never again, then we have two choices — we can wallow in despair, or we can build our own sky-cities and go out there exploring ourselves.

Of course, we're going to choose the latter course. The knowledge of the sky-people's existence is all the impetus we need. We'll go. Oh, yes — we'll go!

As a matter of fact, we may not even need to know that the sky-people are out there — all we need is a hunch that they are, and that alone would be enough to justify the effort.

CE3K says *we are not alone*. That is an implication internal to the story.

It is only a story. It has not happened. It may never happen. But there is a larger implication that is external to the story, and it is this one: *we need not be alone*.

That applies not just to us as a species, but to each of us as individuals.

We need not be alone.

THE DRACULA INVASION

New Life for the Master of the Undead



PHOTO: © 1978 COLUMBIA PICTURES

Above: Frank Langella, Broadway's *Dracula*, will repeat the romantic role for film.

By RICHARD MEYERS

He lives by night and sleeps by day—the sleep of the undead. As the Sun sets, his hunger rises, an all-consuming, irrational need that burns in his heart, his brain, his every limb. It is a lust for blood.

Darkness and despair fuel his powers. They are the powers to change into a bat or a wolf . . . to meld with the deepest

shadows or into shimmering mist. Incredible strength of mind and body is his—enough to break your back like a twig or hold you spellbound against your will. His only other weapons are two retractable incisors, as sharp as a pair of hypodermic needles.

Humanity's only defenses against his omnipresent evil are the age-old trappings of hope: a cross, holy water, a mirror, a garland of garlic, a wooden stake driven

through the heart. But even these precautions and remedies are useless without belief—belief in one greater than all, one who embodies *ultimate good* the way the Prince of Darkness embodies evil in the undying form of the vampire—Count Dracula!

The ageless Count, created over eighty years ago by Bram Stoker, is back with a vengeance. His first screen incarnation came in 1922 with Max Schreck as *Nosferatu*, and over the years Dracula has been given screen life by Bela Lugosi (in the famous 1931 production), Lon Chaney, Jr., John Carradine, Christopher Lee and even a guy named Zandor Varkov. The last quality film adaptation, however, was *Horror of Dracula* in 1958. For twenty years theaters have been filled with weak sequels as well as sensationalized, exploitative versions.

But you can't keep a good vampire down. Ever since director Dennis Rosa brought his Edward Gorey-designed *Dracula* to Broadway in 1976, movie producers have found several ways to resurrect the *ultimate evil*. The first is to be a screen translation of the stage hit, bought by Walter Mirisch for Universal Studios.

"I feel we've got a major piece of work on the subject," the producer says. "As well as the actor who has been largely responsible for the play's tremendous success."

That actor, Frank Langella, has been signed to recreate his romantic version of the Count for the cameras. Adapting the original play penned by Hamilton Deane and John Balderston in 1927 is W. D. Richter; directing is John Badham, a *Night Gallery* veteran who hit it big with *Saturday Night Fever*. More big news for horror classicists is that Sir Laurence Olivier has accepted the role of Dr. Van Helsing, the monster's main antagonist.

The first new *Dracula* movie to be released, in the meantime, will be in a more satiric vein. Writer/producer Robert Kaufman has now completed *Love at First Bite* for the Mel Simon organization. (He started two years ago with a screenplay entitled *Dracula Sucks Again*.)

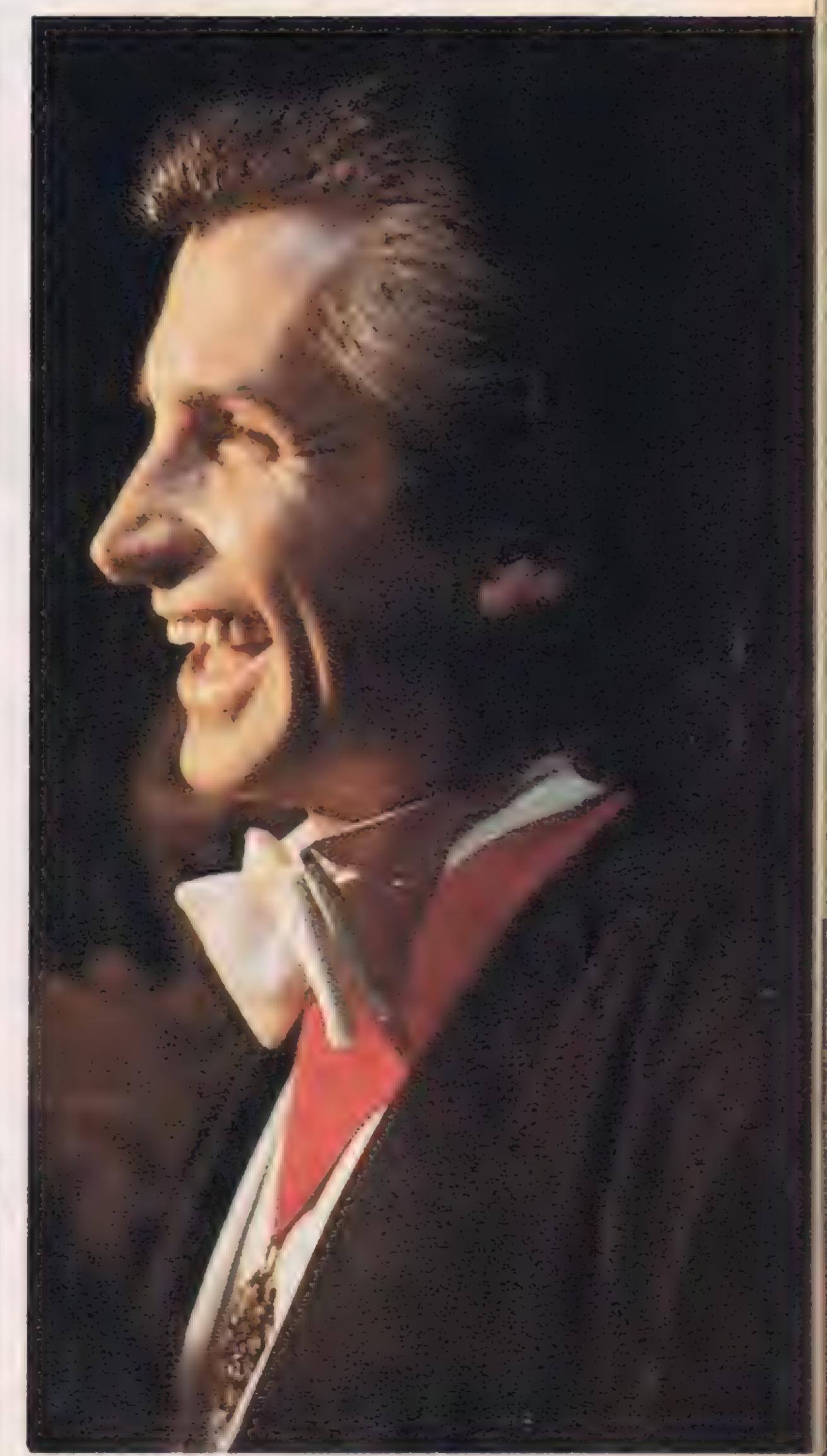
The two-million-dollar flick updates the legend in modern New York City where the vampire falls in love and even gets mugged. "We see Dracula more as Ronald Coleman than Bela Lugosi," Kaufman says. "It's really a romantic screwball comedy." Aiding in the effort are stars George Hamilton, Susan St. James, Dick Shawn and Arte Johnson. Hamilton will also become co-producer for his first starring role since *Evel Knievel*.

Love at First Bite's director, Stan Dragoti, hopes this will be his breakthrough film following a successful career in commercials. His famous spots with the Peter Sellers' TWA ads led to his

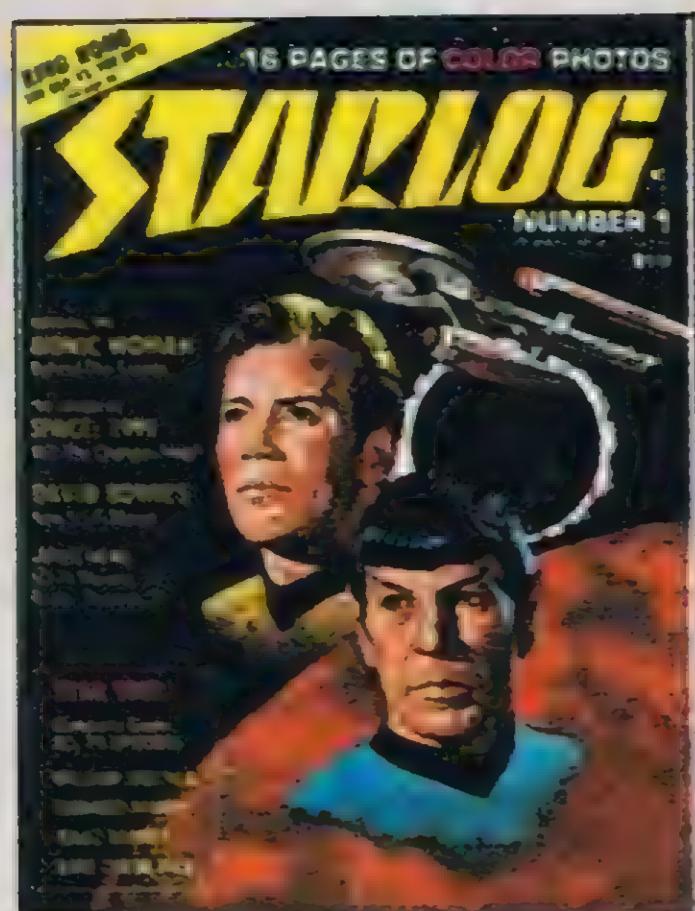
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Above: climactic scene from the multi-million dollar *Nightwing*. Vampire bats are on the loose and some campers are their meal.



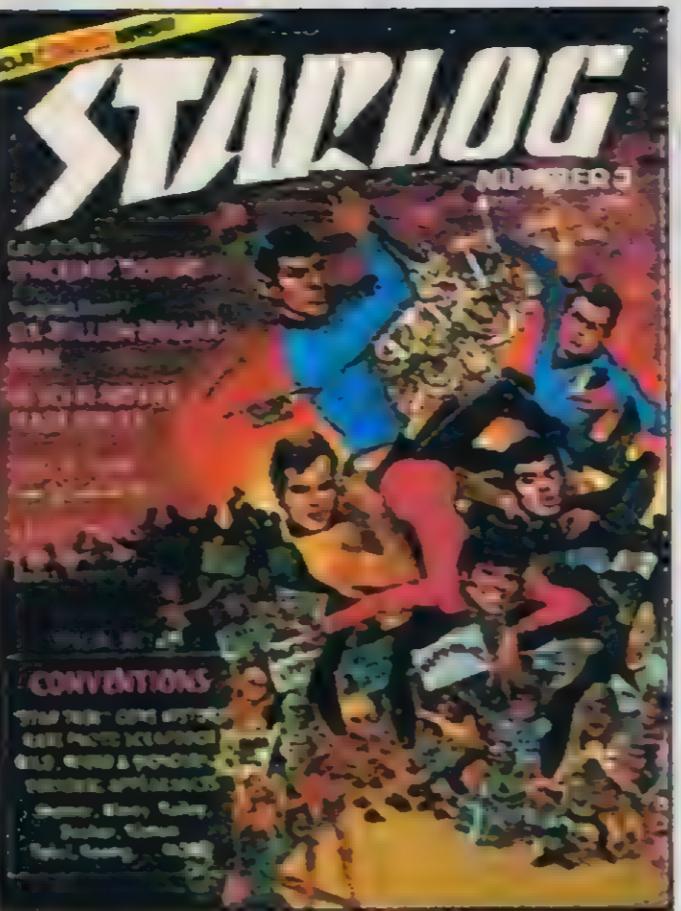
Above: George Hamilton (right) portrays Count Dracula in *Love at First Bite*, with help (left) from Richard Benjamin and Dick Shawn.



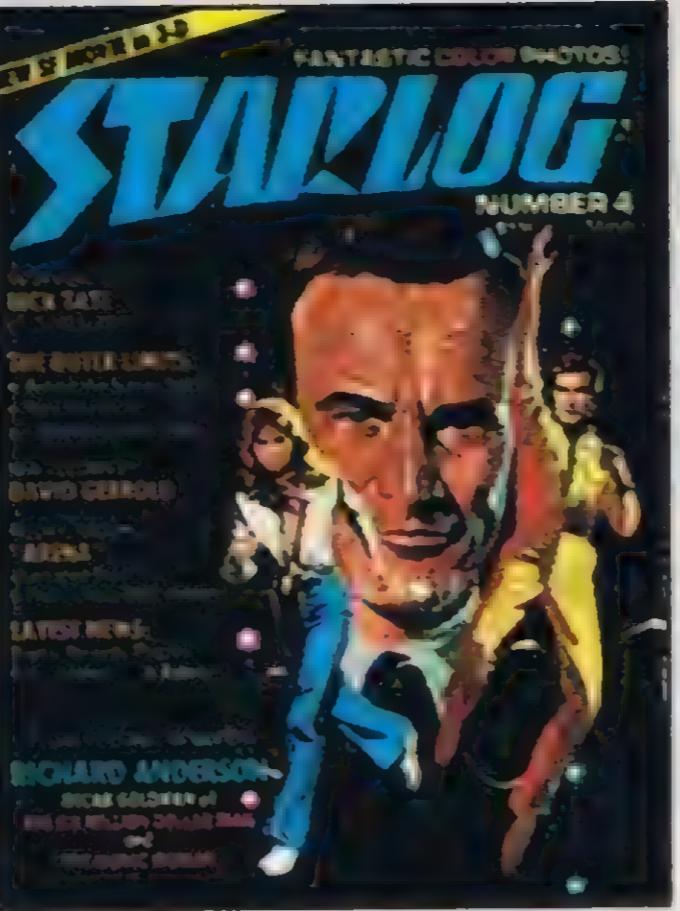
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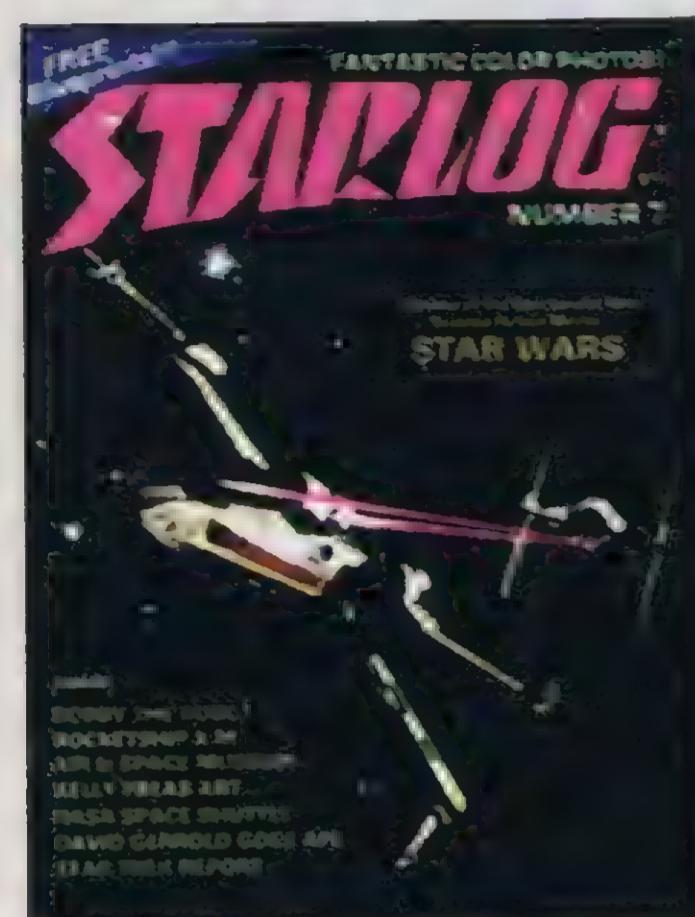
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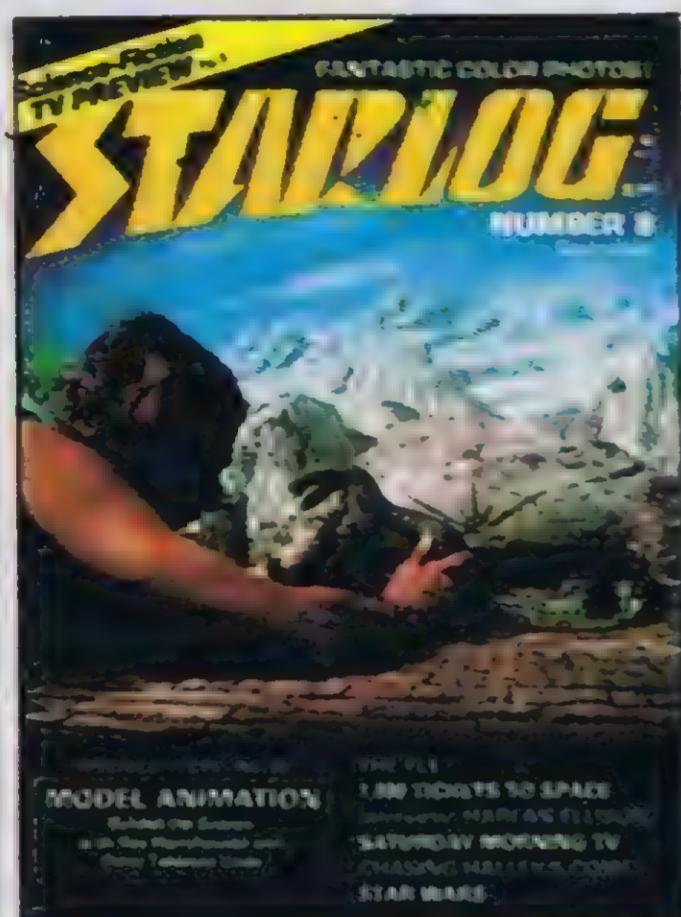
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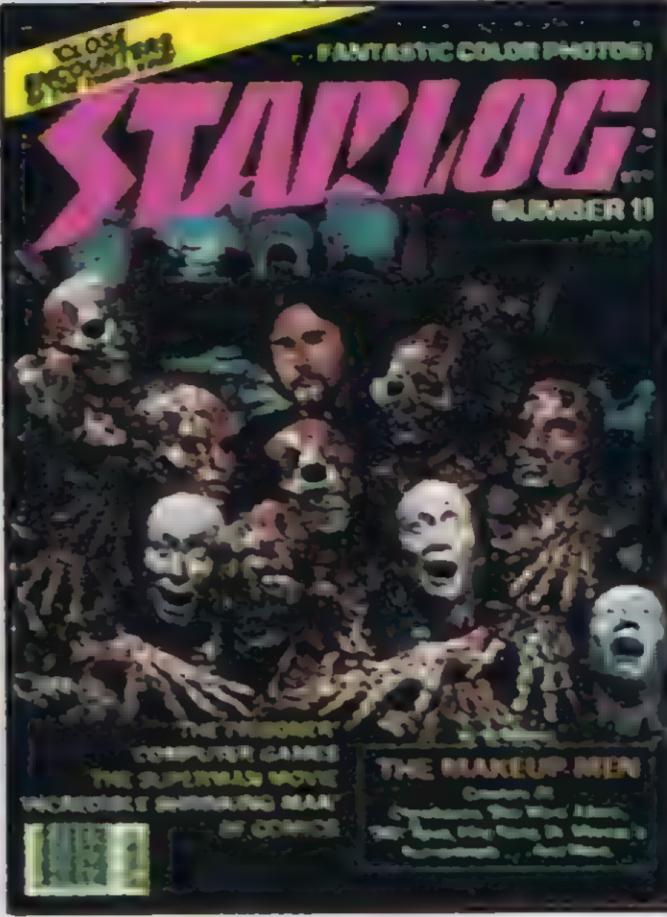
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Model Animation, "The Fly," Harlan Ellison Interview, Set. A.M. TV, NASA Space Tix



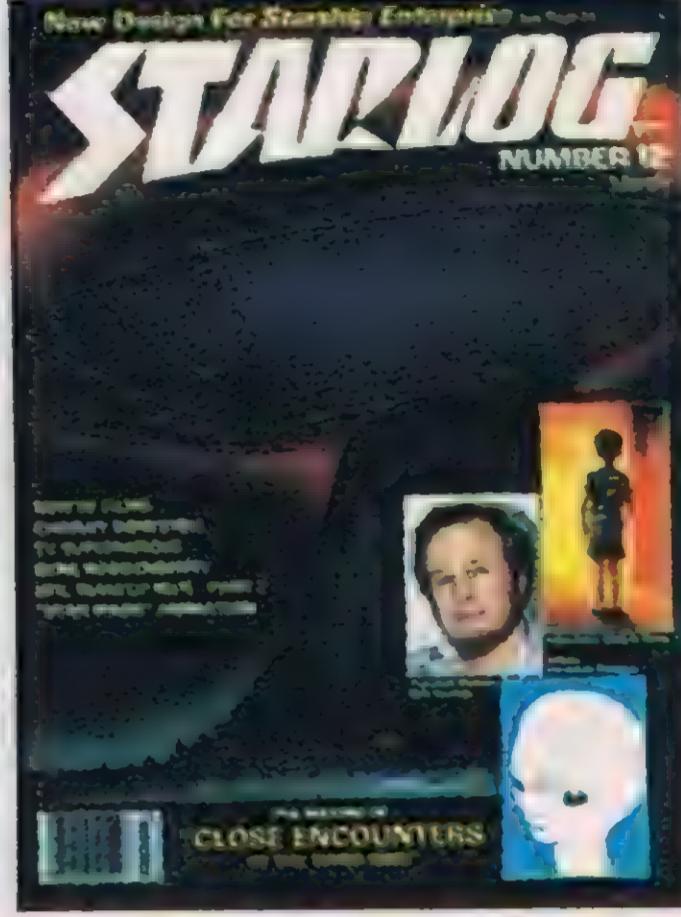
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Asimov, "Close Encounters" preview, SF-Rock, SF Merchandise Guide, Interviews: Harryhausen, Bakshi, George Pal.



No. 11 —
"The Prisoner," Computer Games, The Superman movie, "Incredible Shrinking Man," SFX: The Makeup Men, SF Comics.



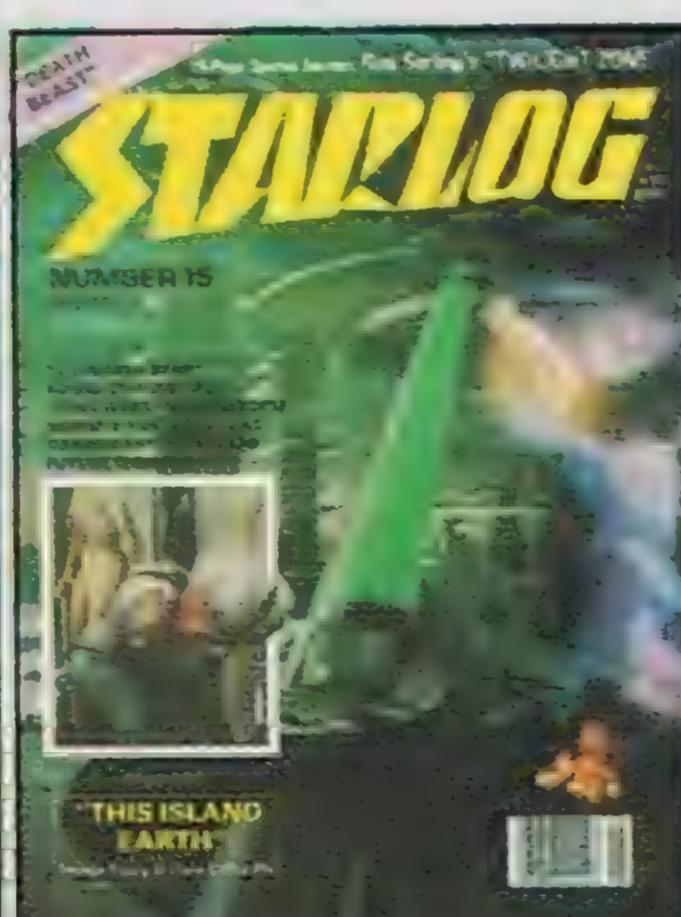
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"Close Encounters" feature, Star Trek II, Computer Animation, "Laser Blast," Art by Bonestell, The Makeup Men, cont.



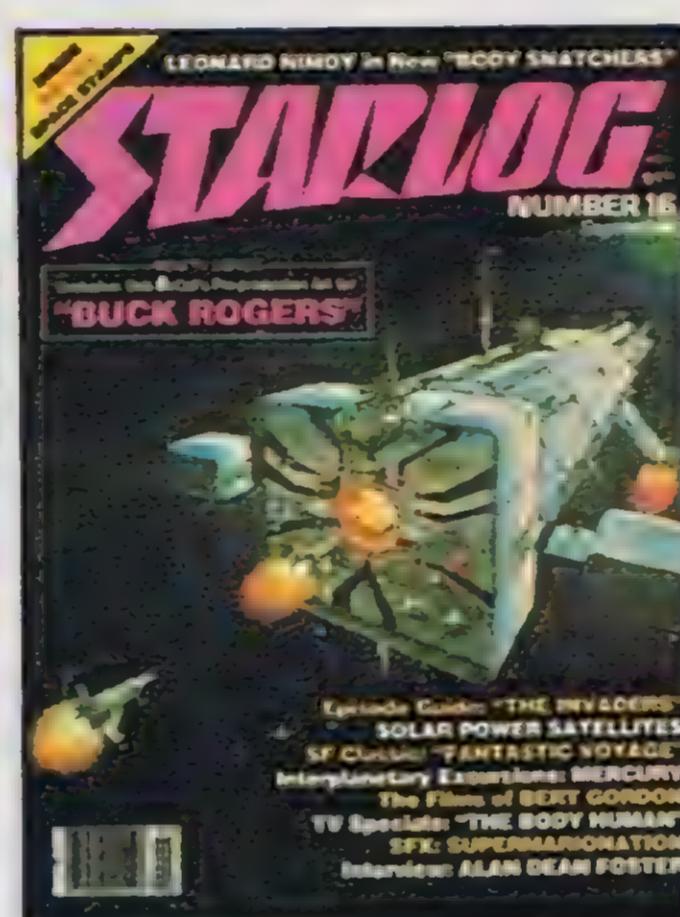
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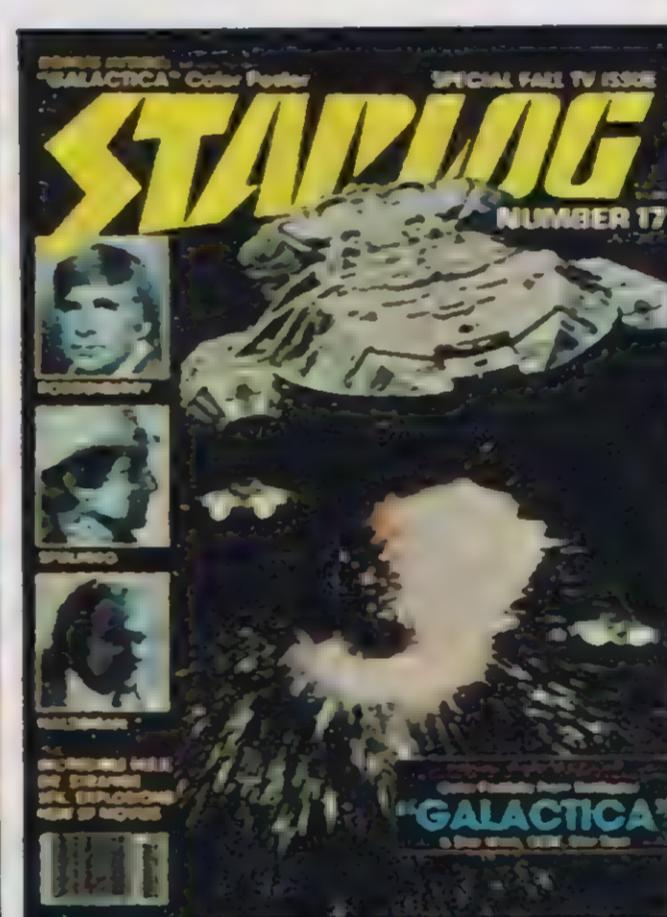
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Virgil Finlay art, Jim Danforth interview, "Project UFO," "Capricorn One," Star Wars, P.S. Ellenshaw



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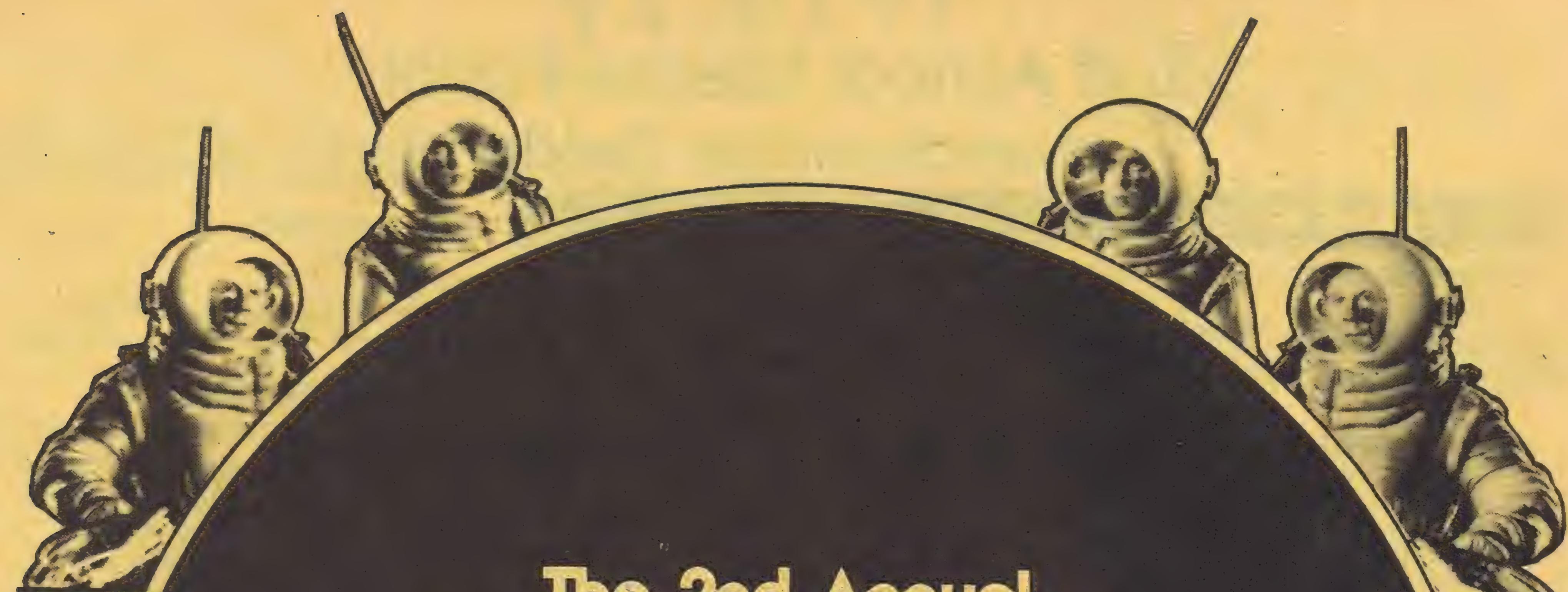
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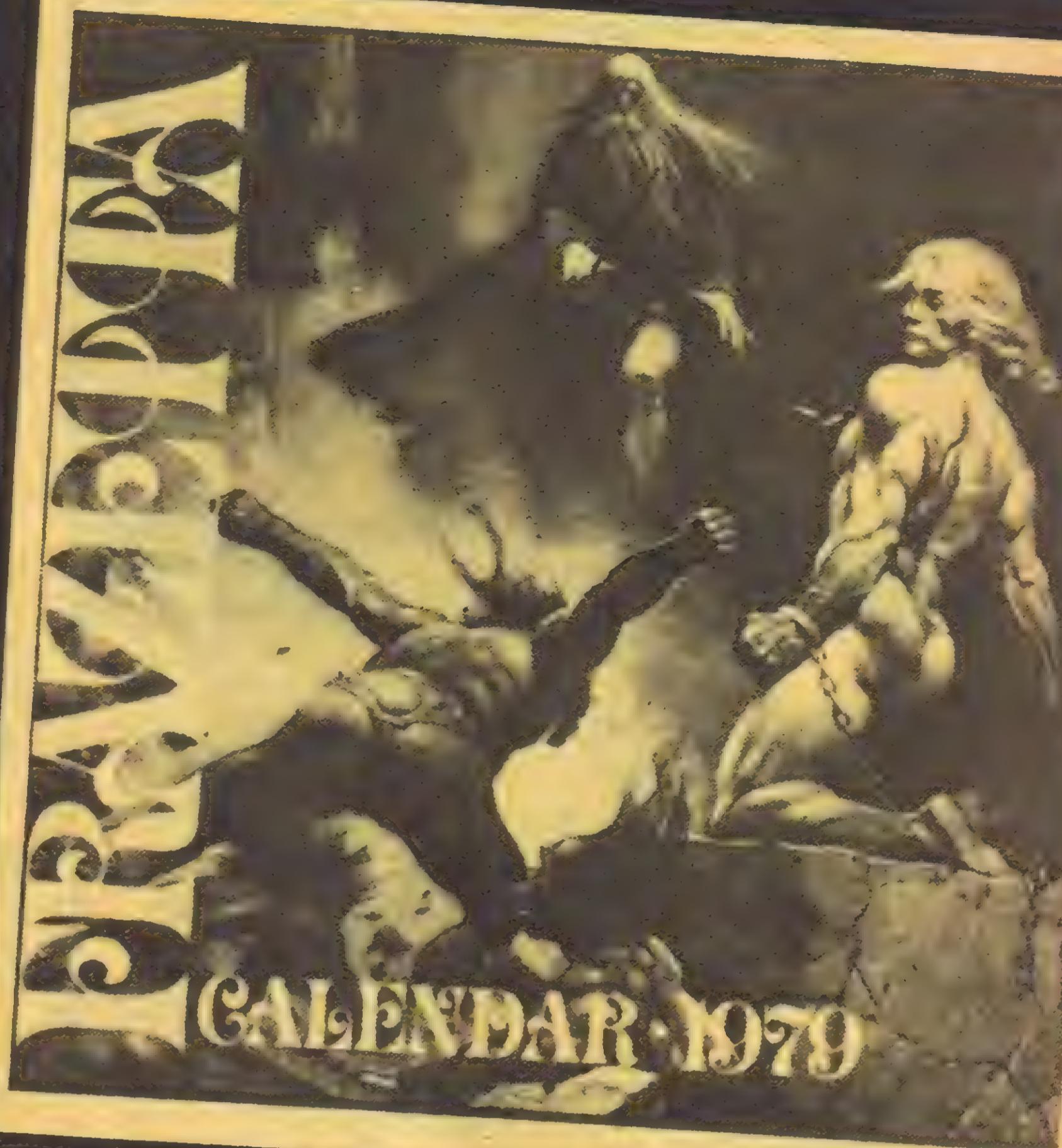
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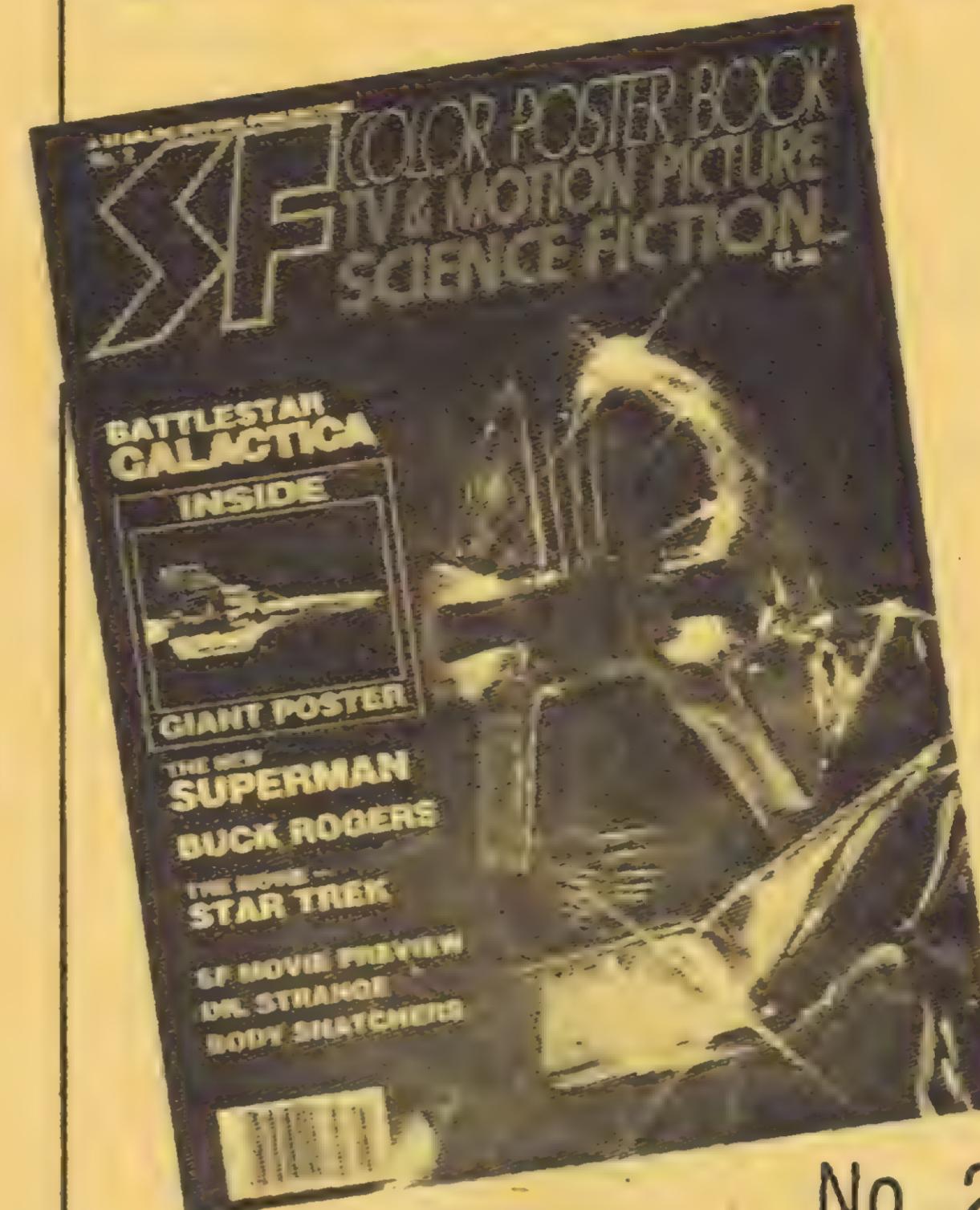
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Dracula Movies

(continued from page 32)

present assignment, after Sellers suggested Dragoti check into the Dracula project. Things look good for a Christmas 1978 release for what the director describes as a "romantic-comedic study."

Dragoti is not alone in his idyllic vision of Dracula. Roger Vadim, famous for his fantasy films, *Barbarella* and *Blood and Roses*, is now writing what he terms a "vampire love story" with John Pleshette. His word is as good as box office gold, apparently, since the work-in-progress already has assigned producers—Jay Weston and Peter Rawley—and a distributor—American International.

Playing the same biting game is Paramount Studios, whose production of Anne Rice's novel, *Interview with the Vampire*, has been an "on again-off again" project since the book's publication in 1976. Initially, Jon Voight was set to star and John Boorman (*Zardoz*, *The Heretic*) was set to direct, but the studio nixed it for reasons that are not yet clear. Now, in light of all the other new screen vampires in the offing, the company has put the production back in the active file.

The same could be said of Warner Brothers and *'Salem's Lot*. The studio

bought the rights to author Steven King's follow-up to *Carrie* shortly after Brian DePalma's film adaptation of it had made a bundle for United Artists. But while *Interview with the Vampire* is a relatively simple-to-understand conversation with a 200-year-old undead, *'Salem's Lot* does not lend itself to easy cinematic translation.

King's massive novel, set in a mythical New England town, has been called "the vampire story to end all vampire stories," and boasts ample characters, mayhem and complexities. Several screenwriters, including King, have been stymied by the film's enormous scope. Presently, Larry Cohen, of *It's Alive* fame, is trying his hand.

On the foreign front are vampire works by premiere talents in London and Germany. Ken Russell, frequently damned and praised during his controversial film career, is writing a script for Meta-Philms based on the original *Dracula* novel. Michael Nolan, the head of production, is loathe to mention further details until the groundwork is done. Not so Werner Herzog, one of Europe's most respected filmmakers. He has talked with pride and at some length about his new production of *The Undead-Nosferatu*, now filming in Holland.

"It is more than a horror film" he says. "Nosferatu is not a monster, but an ambivalent, masterful force of change." Playing this force the second time around will be Klaus Kinski, who retains the original vampire's shaved head and shares his director's unusual viewpoint. "Dracula is a man who cannot choose and cannot cease to be," Kinski says. "He is a kind of evil, but he is also a man who is suffering."

Horror of a smaller kind will be coming in droves from Columbia Studios early in 1979: *Nightwing* is the name and vampire bats are the bane. Arthur Hiller (*Love Story*, *The Silver Streak*) has directed this terror tale with a cast of veritable unknowns. That way, he feels, there's more audience identification as thousands of unseeing, ravenous blood-sucking bats attack Arizona. It is kind of a "Jaws with wings on an Indian reservation," as an Indian teams with a social worker and a professional bat killer to do in a huge colony of psychically controlled night flyers.

And these are just the high-class productions. Several low-budget quickies will also be making their blood-red rounds in the next few months, among them *Dracula's Dog* and *Vampire Hookers*—enough to set Bram Stoker spinning in his grave. *

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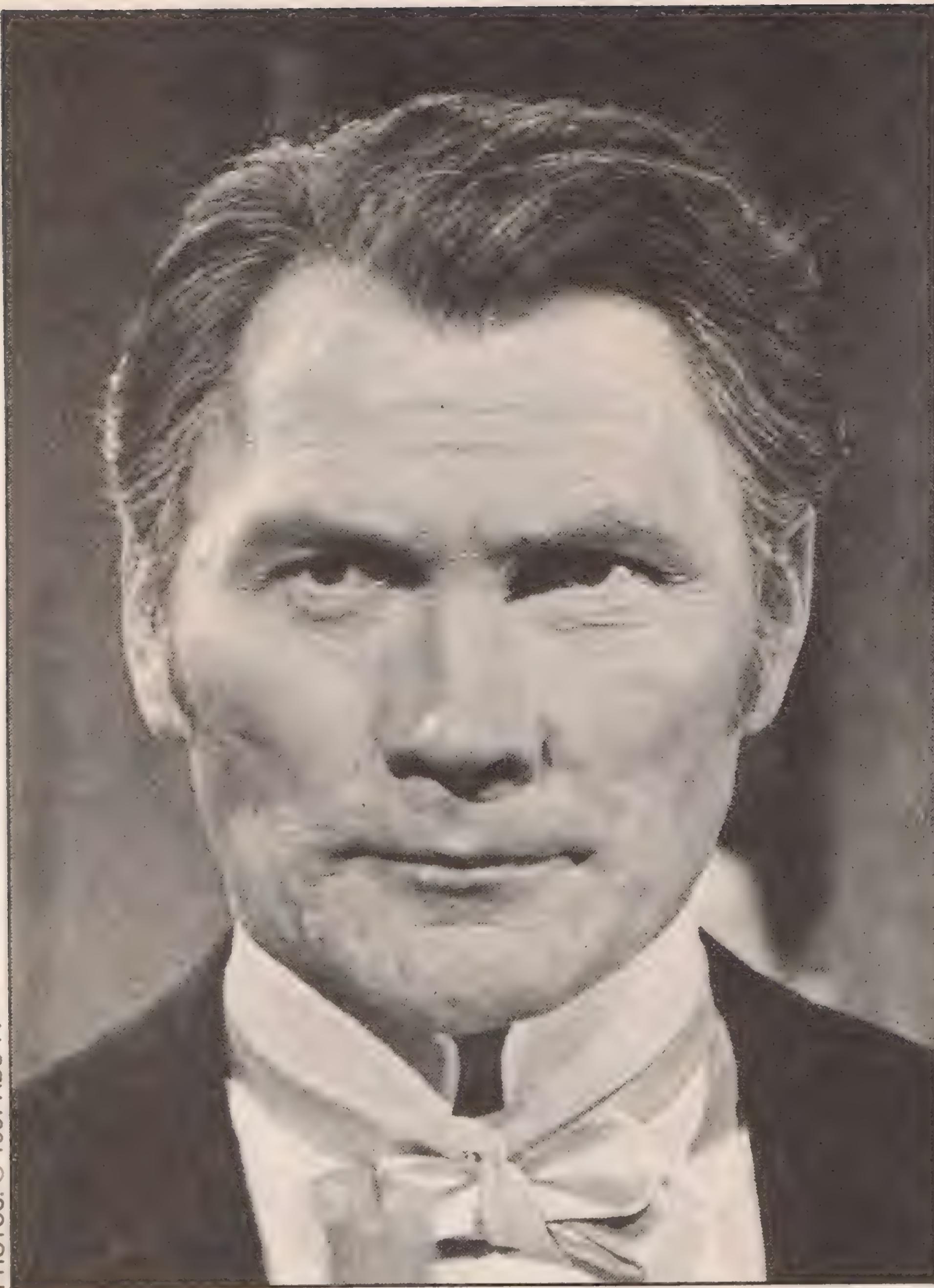
Dr. Jekyll Mr. Hyde

A Portfolio

Robert Louis Stevenson won instant fame and literary immortality for *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* published in 1886. His short novel is a *mystery story* concerning the dual nature of man that had been so much a part of his early Calvinist upbringing. The true nature of Dr. Jekyll's identity is not revealed until the second part of the novel, "Dr. Lanyon's Narrative," in which Edward Hyde, long wanted by the police, must obtain chemicals from Jekyll's laboratory to hide his evil self by returning to the visage of Dr. Henry Jekyll: "He (Hyde) thanked me with a smiling nod, measured out a few minims of the red tincture and added one of the powders. The mixture, which was at first of a reddish hue, began, in proportion as the crystals melted, to brighten in color, to effervesce audibly and to throw off small fumes of vapor. Suddenly, and at the same moment, the ebullition ceased and the compound changed to a dark purple, which faded again more slowly to a watery green." Hyde begs Lanyon to leave the room, but the doctor refuses. "He put the glass to his lips, and drank at one gulp. A cry followed; he reeled, staggered, clutched at the table, and held on, staring with injected eyes, gasping with open mouth; and, as I looked, there came, I thought, a change; he seemed to swell; his face became suddenly black, and the features seemed to melt and alter—and the next moment I had sprung to my feet and leaped back against the wall, my arm raised to shield me from that prodigy, my mind submerged in terror. 'Oh, God!' I screamed, and 'Oh, God!' again and again; for there before my eyes—pale and shaken, and half fainting, and groping before him with his hands, like a man restored from death—there stood Henry Jekyll." In the final section of the book, Jekyll reveals the dual nature of man and his experiments on himself designed to free the evil self to enjoy the forbidden pleasures of the body. Finally, Jekyll takes his own to destroy the evil monster he has become and he goes to the grave in the visage of Mr. Hyde. At left Fredric March portrayed the tortured scientist for Paramount in 1932. March won the Academy Award that year for best actor. Makeup by veteran Wally Westmore.

By DAVID HUTCHISON

PHOTOS: © 1967 ABC-TV



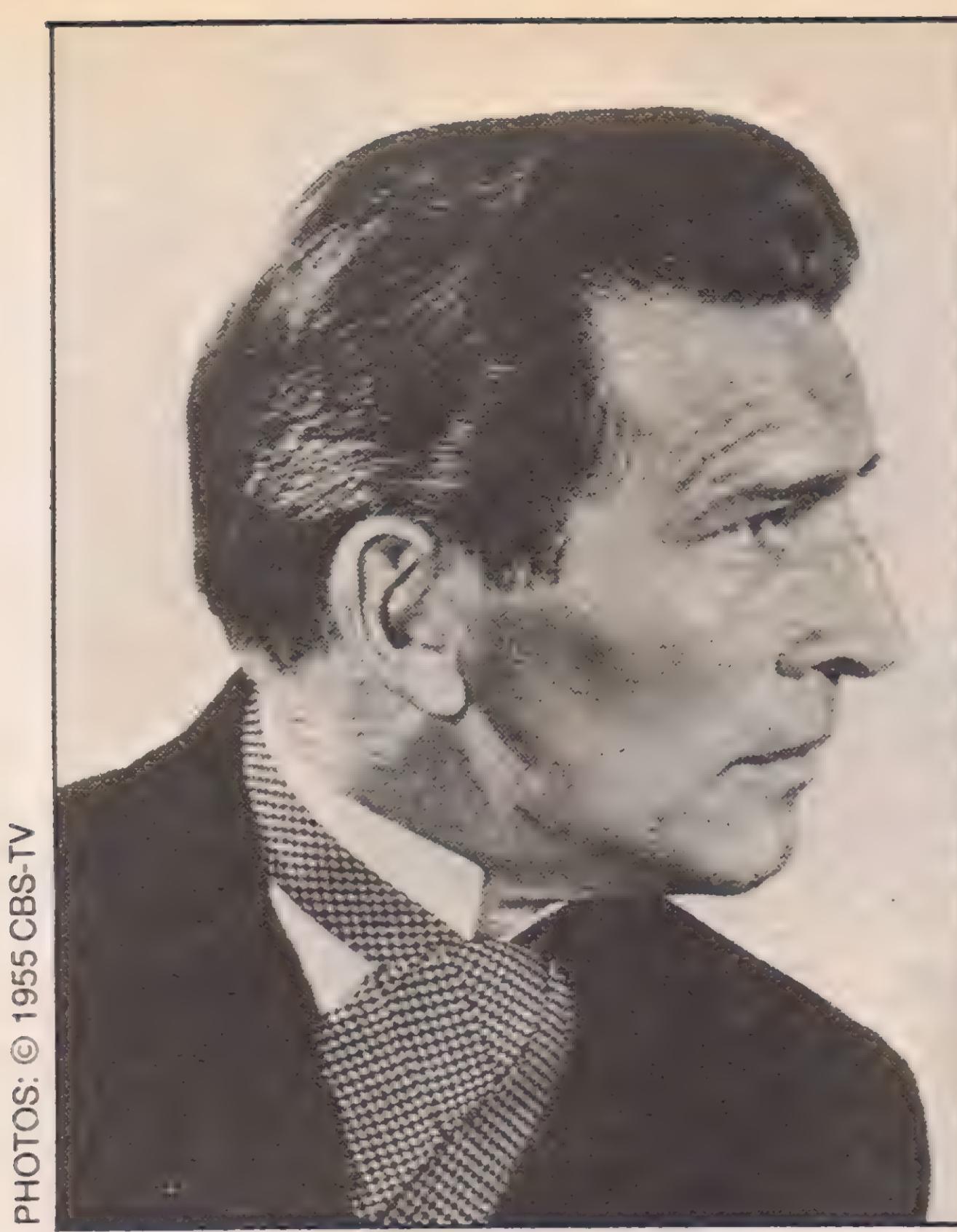
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Above: Jack Palance stepped into the dual role for ABC-TV in 1967. Acclaimed makeup artist Dick Smith created a sexually sadistic appearance for Edward Hyde that was based on a small carving of a satyr. The foamed latex appliances for Hyde consisted of augmented chin and lower lip, thinned upper lip, broadened and hooked nose, eye bags, ear lobe extensions, heavy brow and eyebrows. As Jack Palance usually played villains, Dick Smith designed a new nose for Palance as Jekyll. This gave the actor's features a more gentle, aristocratic look.

John Barrymore's thirteenth film was the innovative Adolf Zukor's production of *Jekyll and Hyde* in 1920. Barrymore salutes the original stage production by performing the first Hyde transformation much as Richard Mansfield must have done it in 1887. After downing the drug, Barrymore's body jerks in convulsive agony, twisting his matinee-idol features into a grimace of pain climaxed by a shockingly evil leer. The camera cuts to a close-up of his hand which dissolves into a gaunt claw made grotesque by the use of artificial finger extensions. When the camera returns to his face, it is darkly shadowed with makeup and bushy eyebrows. In later scenes he wore a scalp piece suggesting a pointed skull. This version marks the first time that Jekyll's features reassert themselves at Hyde's death at the end of the film.



PHOTOS: © 1955 CBS-TV



PHOTOS: © 1920 PARAMOUNT

In 1955, Michael Rennie played the dual role for the classic *Climax* series on CBS. The six transformations in this TV version were designed by Bob Keats and executed live. As the camera moved to an extreme close-up on various parts of Rennie's face, that part of his face which was "off-camera" received quick applications of makeup by Keats and Rennie. Immediately after drinking the potion, Rennie slipped a lip pad, nose plugs and an artificial wart into place. While camera focused on these additions, Keats applied bushy eyebrows and finally an animal-like hairpiece in later transformations that considerably lowered his forehead. (Each transformation becoming more grotesque.) Of course, the process had to work in reverse—stripping the Hyde face back to Jekyll's in only about thirty to forty seconds on a live TV camera.

Louis Hayward played Edward Jekyll in *The Son of Dr. Jekyll*. Edward, the creation of screen writer Edward Huebsch, is the illegitimate son of Dr. Jekyll sired by Hyde. Released in 1951, the film was shot in black and white enabling makeup artist Clay Campbell to use the same transformation technique used by Fredric March in 1932. The Hyde makeup is done in red greasepaint photographed in red light, thus rendering it invisible to the black-and-white camera. During the transformation, the red light is slowly replaced by blue light making the red Hyde makeup appear in sharp contrast on the actor's face. The color change will not be noticed in black and white if conditions are carefully controlled. Notice the difference in the tone and contrast of Louis Hayward's suit and tie caused by the change from red to blue light.



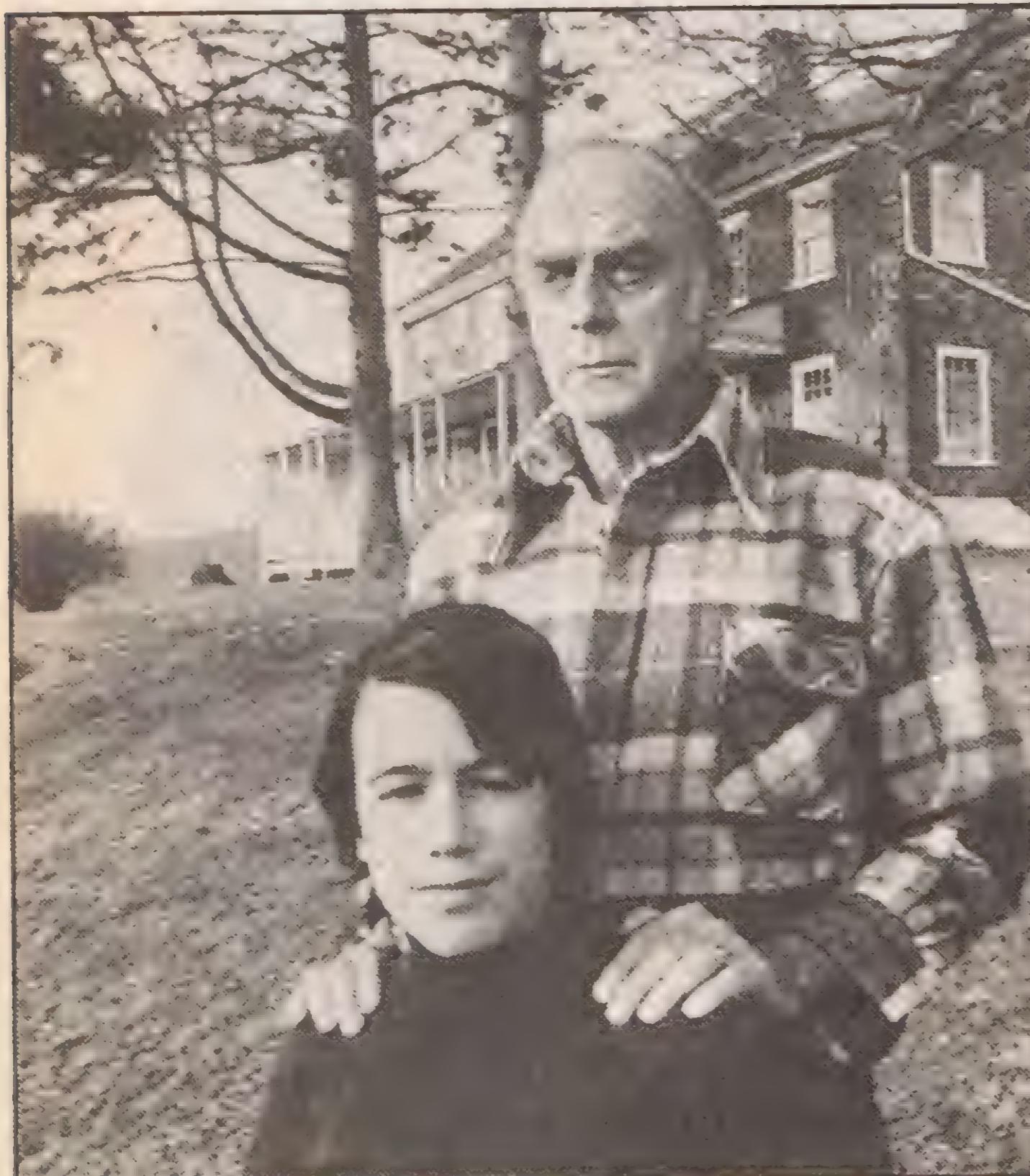
PHOTOS: © 1941 M.G.M.



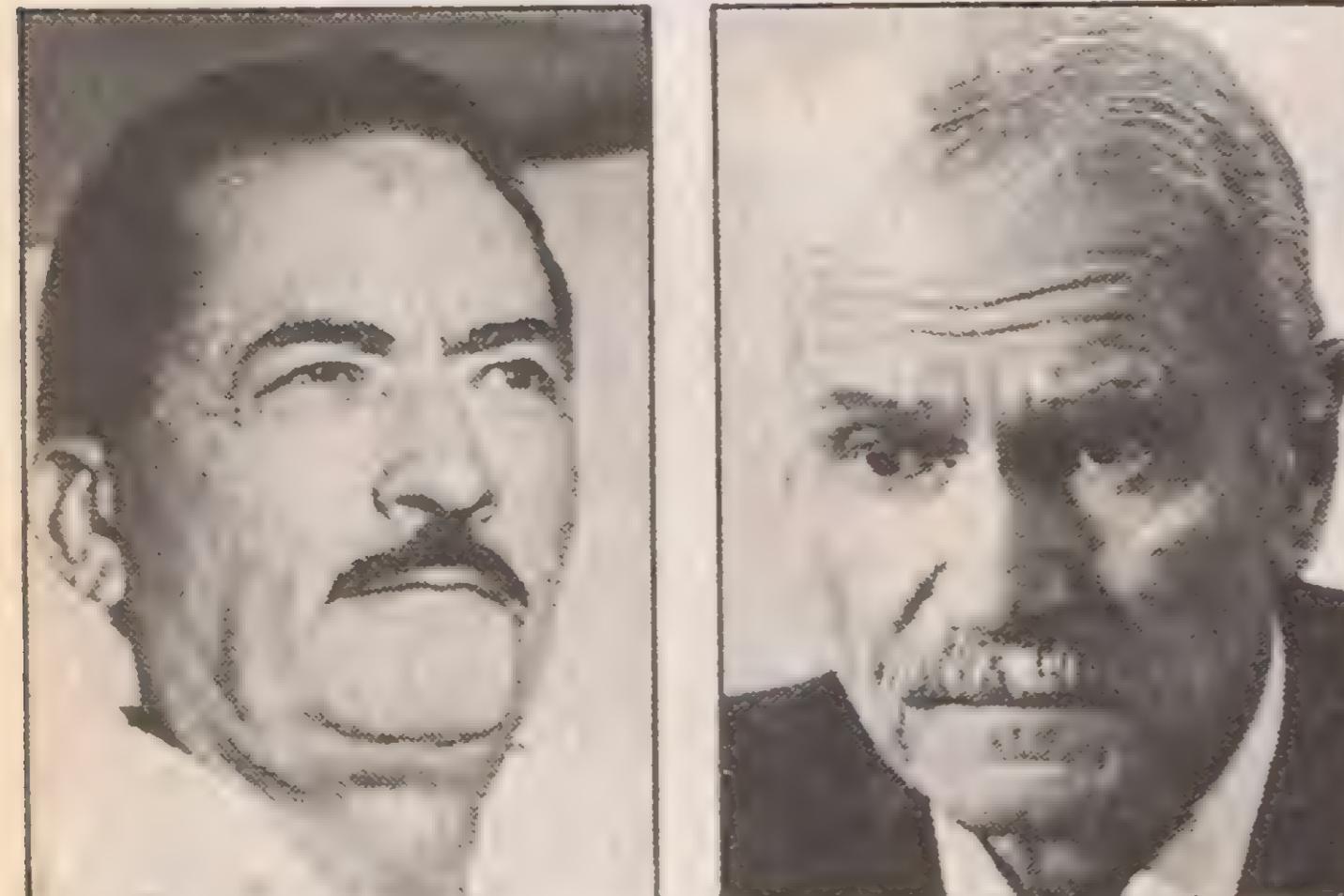
Essentially a remake of Paramount's 1932 effort with Fredric March, Spencer Tracy's portrayal of the dual Dr. Jekyll remains as one of the most controversial. With Freudian theory much in vogue, this 1941 version by M.G.M. focused on the psychological aspects of the Jekyll-Hyde character rather than the grotesquerie of the transformation. Tracy did not have the dashing leading-man features of his predecessors, March and Barrymore, nor did he believe that monster makeup was his style. Tracy preferred to focus on the behavior of the two characters rather than any radical monster makeup. Jack Dawn's makeup reflects Tracy's wishes. Produced and directed by Victor Fleming, the film has all the slick and polish that M.G.M. is known for, and a few innovations. There is a sequence with Tracy as Hyde, with clenched teeth and wild eyes, whipping a team of horses that dissolves into the figures of the two women (Lana Turner and Ingrid Bergman) in his composite life. Freudian-isms aside, reviewers have commented that Tracy's portrayal is the most loyal to the original character set down in Stevenson's book. Anyone who is interested in delving further into the hundreds of Jekyll and Hyde portrayals should take a look at a new book by Donald F. Glut entitled *Classic Movie Monsters* from Scarecrow Press.



Strange-eyed victims of cloning.



Father and clone act: Black and Dehner.



Peck (Mengele) vs. Olivier (Lieberman).



A Nazi killer seduces his new prey.

The Boys From Brazil—94 youths spread across the globe who all look and act alike...

The Boys From Brazil—94 little cogs in a machine of Nazi-spawned terror and conspiracy...

The Boys From Brazil—94 pawns in a genetic experiment that threatens to rip the world asunder...

"The Boys From Brazil" ONE IS NOT ENOUGH

By RICHARD MEYERS

The Boys From Brazil is a 12-million-dollar ITC production to be distributed by 20th Century-Fox, directed by Franklin Schaffner and starring Gregory Peck and Laurence Olivier. After such colorful and controversial pictures as *The Cassandra Crossing*, *The Medusa Touch* and *Capricorn One*, why has this new Sir Lew Grade film caused such a stir in the world of tinsel and celluloid?

Besides the technical and artistic credits of its stars and director, the interest lies in the film's unique plotline. It was Shaffner's good fortune to finish *The Boys From Brazil* just as public interest in cloning and genetic manipulation was starting to peak. But, in the screenplay by Kenneth Ross and Heywood Gould, as in the original novel by Ira Levin, this is cloning with a difference—a deadly difference:

"Your success on this project carries with it the hope and destiny of the Aryan race," says Dr. Josef Mengele, the infamous "Angel of Death" of the World War II prison camps. "And that is not an exaggeration, but the literal truth. This is a holy mission."

The time is the present. The place is Paraguay. The "holy mission" is to assassinate 94 men in their middle sixties over the next two and a half years. The listeners are almost all former members of the Third Reich. Almost all, because one member of Mengele's audience is Barry Kohler, a young American who has been inspired by anti-Nazi fervor to tape the doctor's speech.

Barry phones famed Nazi hunter Ezra Lieberman in Vienna, but the old war horse has become slightly satiated by lecture tours and fund-raising dinners. He can no longer easily take the grind of convincing apathetic or hypocritical politicians, law men and governments of the danger these men represent. Before Kohler can play his tape over the phone, Mengele and his henchmen break in. Lieberman can only listen helplessly as his greatest enemy kills another innocent.

Thus begins Lieberman's new crusade. He taps a journalist for a favor and follows up on the strange deaths of several 65-year-old men. Soon, an insidious pattern begins to unfold. In several cases, and in several different countries, the sons of the deceased look and act exactly alike, as if each were cut from the same mold. With a little more detective work, Lieberman discovers that each of these boys was adopted. But for what purpose?

While the Nazi hunter is following up clues, Mengele and his men are desperately trying to eliminate all evidence. Houses are burned, men are pushed to their deaths and throats are cut, but Lieberman still manages to dog their heels. The pressure becomes so great that the "Fourth Reich" security officer, Siebert, calls off the operation. Mengele, however, refuses to quit his deadly mission.

The decades-old combat goes on, as the Nazi and the Jewish agent of vengeance continue their war alone. The final battleground is a quiet town in Pennsylvania, where Bobby Wheelock, a fourteen-year-old "dead ringer" for the other boys, and his 65-year-old father become the final pawns in Mengele's insidious game.

Although essentially a science-fiction thriller, *The Boys From Brazil* has more twists and turns than a classic mystery. Thankfully the combined talents of Schaffner, who also helmed *Planet of the Apes*, *Patton* and *Islands in the Stream*, producers Robert Fryer (*The Boston Strangler*, *Voyage of the Damned*), Martin Richards (PBS' *The Norman Conquests*) and Stanley O'Toole (*The 7% Solution*) handle the complexities masterfully.

The major obstacle in the production was the need for three separate and distinct climates to be filmed in the space of two months: a South American summer, a United States winter and a myriad of British-based interior sets. The producers discovered that Pennsylvania was good for shooting but the logistics for setting up and filming south of the equator proved to be prohibitive.

"We examined the problems of South



Above: Laurence Olivier (left) comes to grips with Gregory Peck in the climatic finish of *The Boys From Brazil*.

America versus the possibility of bringing a jungle to Portugal," says producer Fryer. "In every respect it made more sense to do the latter."

And so they did. Production designer Gil Parrando spent several months in Portugal finding the "Paraguayan" streets, ferry ports, cathedrals, grand hotels and a river jungle that the script called for.

Everything but the river jungle could be created in the small towns around Lisbon. However, the jungle would have to be built—tree by tree, plant by plant. In short order the banks of a Portuguese lagoon became a wilderness of water grass, bullrushes and lily pads. Behind cottage-

like labs grew vines, palms and ferns.

All in all, over 5,000 varieties of trees and plants were incorporated into the existing vegetation at a cost of almost 50,000 dollars. It was the job of 400 gardeners to maintain the exotic atmosphere for six weeks. Added to the flora were fauna from the Lisbon zoo; parakeets, green parrots, egrets, monkeys and emus all got a vacation and a chance to become movie stars. When the mist cleared, more than two million dollars had been spent and Portugal had played host to one of the biggest plant sales ever.

The crew finished principal photography in Vienna early in '78. Schaffner is ex-

tremely happy with the results, describing his experience on *The Boys From Brazil* as "terrific," while both he and the producers credit their professional crew for the "unparalleled efficiency and spirit".

All that was then left to do was to have American film editor Bob Swink put the movie together and let Oscar-winning composer Jerry Goldsmith (*The Omen*) score it. Now, even though *The Boys From Brazil* is about a fanatical killer recreating his führer 94 times over, ITC Entertainment and 20th Century-Fox are banking on an overwhelmingly positive response from the moviegoing public and from clone watchers everywhere. ★

Below: Jeremy (left), one of 94 clones, contemplates the end of an adventure that started with the murder of Barry Kohler (right).



SEX

PART XIII: HOLLYWOOD HALLOWEEN

By D. HUTCHISON

Bob Burns is a mild-mannered film editor at KNXT-TV by day. Yet each year on Halloween night strange things happen — Burns becomes possessed! Possessed with an overwhelming urge to show kids what Halloween is all about. "When I was a kid, Halloween was always a special time — a kind of national celebration of make-believe."

Since 1967, Burns and a group of highly talented special-effects artists, writers, designers and animators have donated their spare time and considerable talents to creating annual Halloween extravaganzas. "I get so sick of hearing about candy with razor blades and bad apples. I want to show the kids that Halloween can still be a lot of fun. I don't want them to miss the fun I had when I was a kid."

Most of Burns' shows have centered around such SF and fantasy classics as *Forbidden Planet*, *The Time Machine* and *This Island Earth*. The designers, builders and performers of the Burns' shows include names familiar to STARLOG readers: Dennis Muren, Mike Minor, David Gerrold, Jim Danforth, Rick Baker and many more. (For a complete list of casts and crew, see page 55.)

"It would be hard to say which show has been the best," says Burns. "Certainly 'The Thing in the Attic,' inspired by *The Exorcist*, was the scariest. 'The Martian Invasion' from *War of the Worlds* had the biggest set. Our last, 'The Return of the Time Traveller' was the most elaborate and most expensive — \$2,700, plus candy for over 3,000 kids."

It all started very simply. "I used to answer the door on Halloween night wearing a monster mask." After a few times at this, Burns decided to embellish his act a little.

In 1967 the living room was transformed into a haunted house. Trick or treaters rang the bell at the front porch. The door opened



Trick or treaters were greeted by Mike Minor's graveyard set on Halloween.

slowly, revealing an enormous portrait of Bela Lugosi, and Kathy Burns, dressed in a white shroud, distributed candy. At the last moment, Bob Burns would leap from behind the door wearing a Mr. Hyde mask and growling. Kids and candy would scatter in all directions.

"I guess the first time I did a full-size set in the living room was in 1969 for our *This Island Earth* take-off. Tom Scherman and Dennis Muren helped me on that one." Burns' team created the inside of a space-

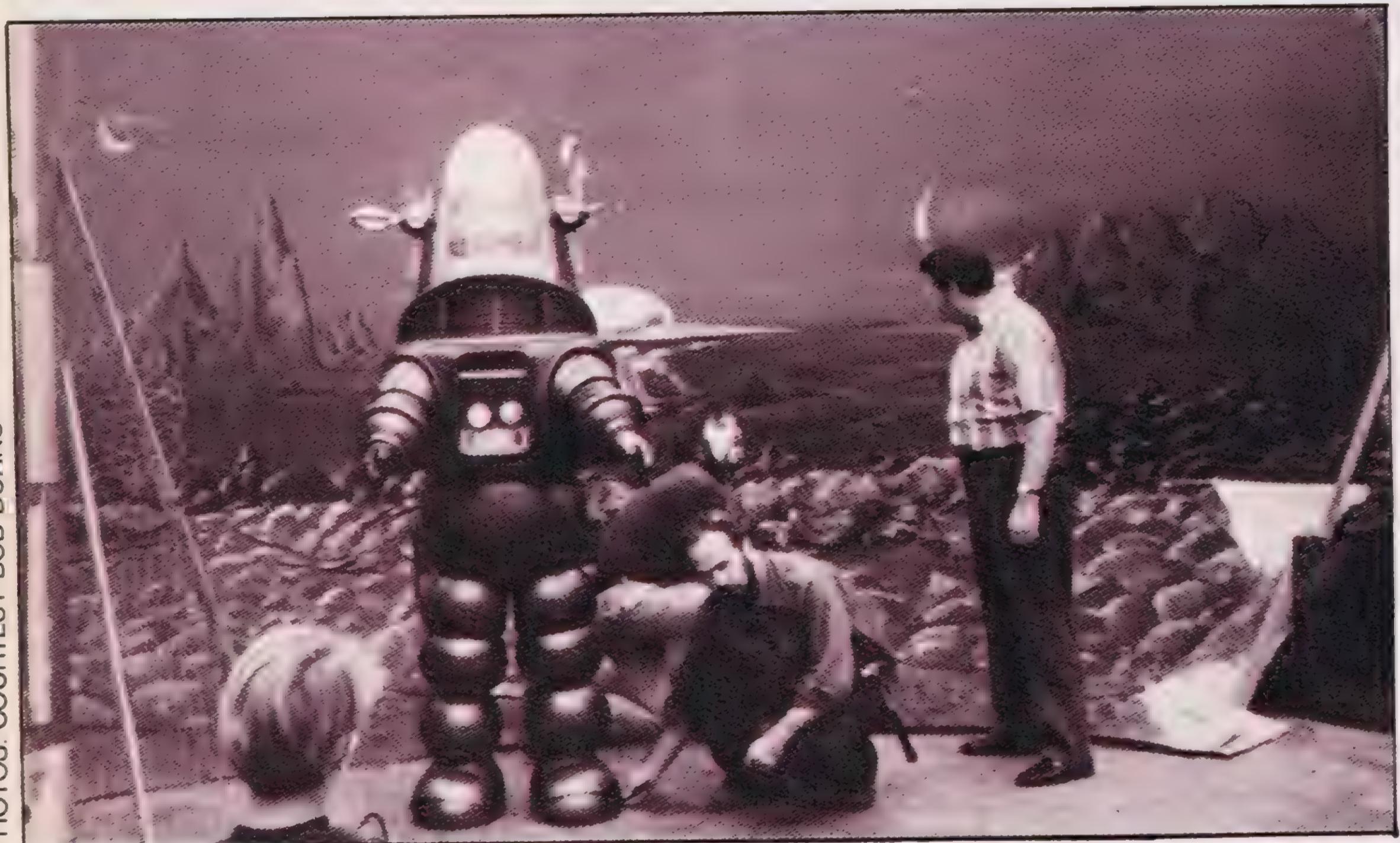
ship with a big porthole overlooking the surface of Metaluna. Scherman did the Metaluna backdrop, and created the fantastic shapes and walls for the spaceship interior out of just anything that happened to be lying around — paper doweling, egg cartons, etc. Muren rigged eerie lighting to show off Burns' recreated Metaluna Mutant costume.

Bob Burns has always had a strong interest in makeup, having at one time considered it for a career. "I used to watch Frankenstein and other monsters as a kid, but I realized these guys were only actors wearing makeup. So I would go home and try to recreate them." Bob's interest in makeup would give birth to his own "Jekyll and Hyde" show in 1971. But in 1970 a monster of an entirely different sort paid a visit on Halloween night.

"Goombah, a hulking one-eyed mountain of tentacles, was buzzing around the roof tops of Los Angeles looking for a place to land. Burns offered his roof. Goombah wanted more. Goombah got what he wanted." These few lines made up the scenario for the show that was basically Tom Scherman's idea. "We had never done anything outside yet, on the grand sort of scale that was beginning to take over the inside of the house. We had originally talked about putting a flying saucer on the roof. Something, just anything, to give the kids something to look at while they were waiting their turn at trick or treats. Last year had

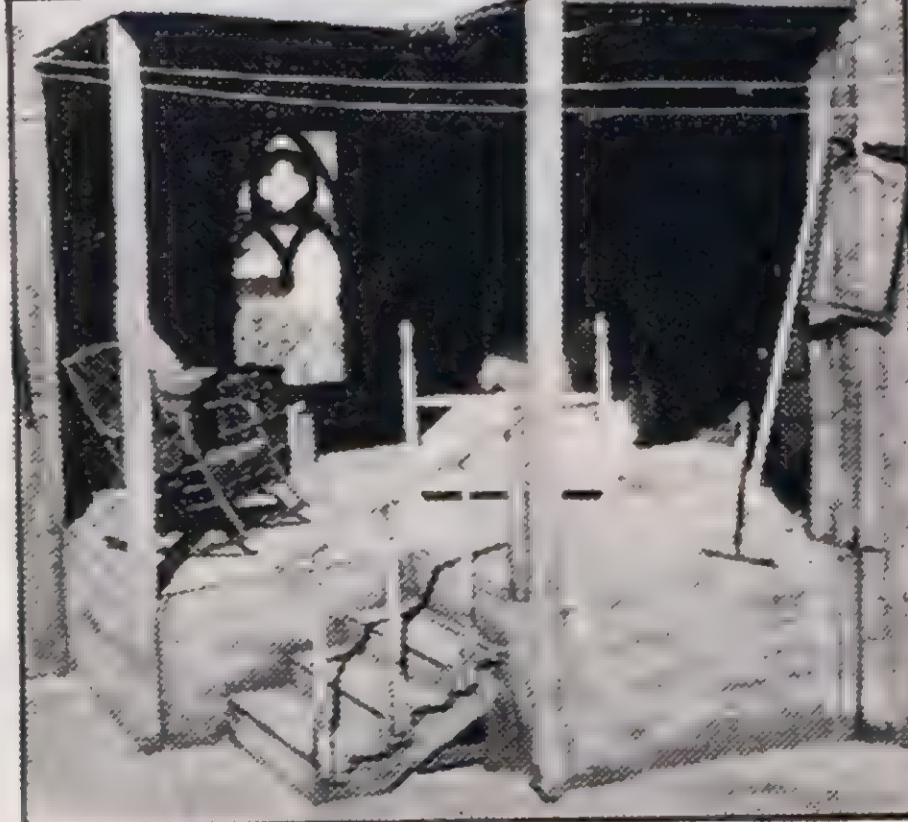
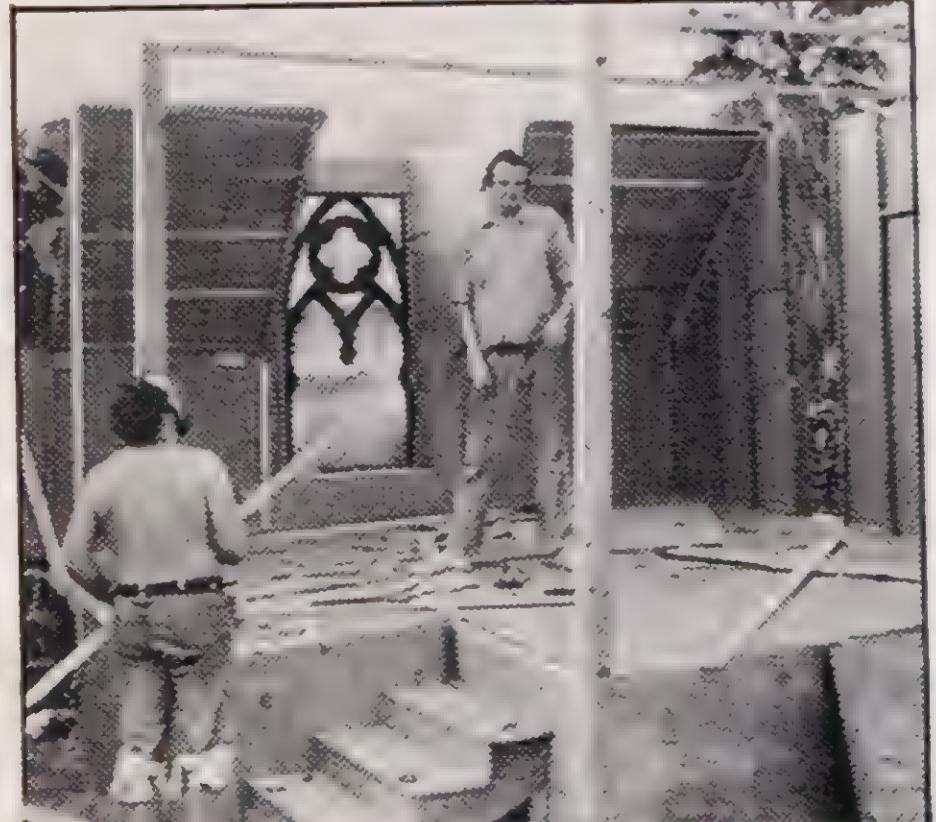
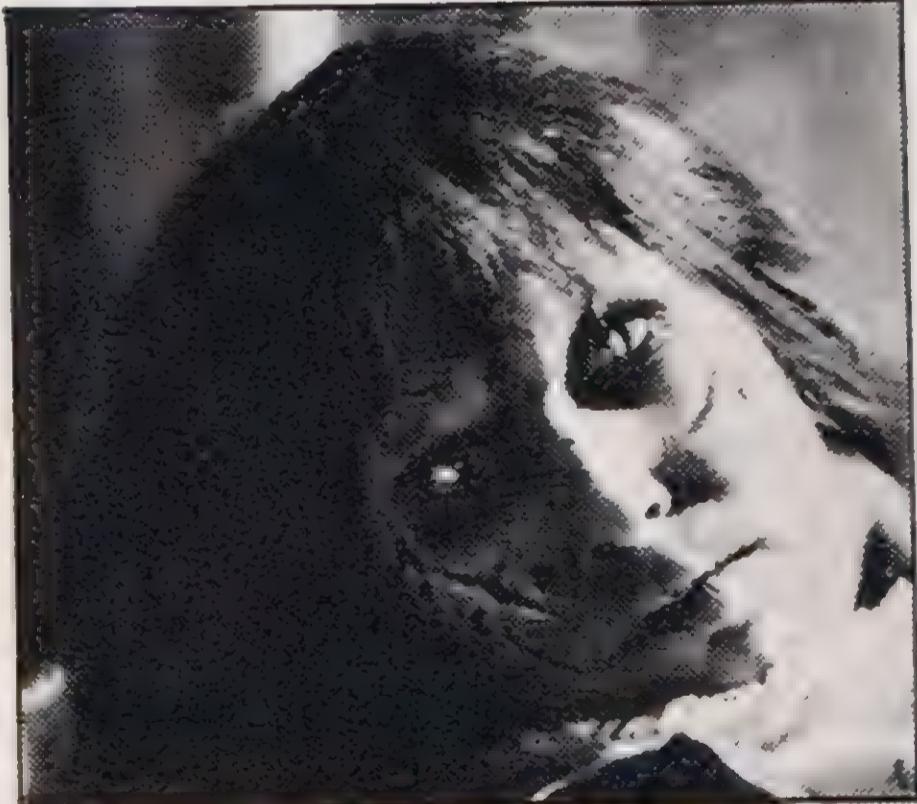


Rick Baker emerges from the shadows as "The Thing in the Attic", Bob Burns' scariest show. Appearing amid lightning and thunder, smoke clinging to his animal fur, Rick supplied the "boo" that would clear the yard for the next show.



PHOTOS: COURTESY BOB BURNS

Top left: Bob Burns and Rick Baker each as Kogar the Gorilla. Long interested in gorillas, Bob Burns played Tracy the gorilla in *Ghostbusters*. Rick Baker became famous as *King Kong*. Mike Minor transformed Burns' driveway into the gaping mouth of a gorilla. Left: Bill Malone had recently completed Robby, so it seemed the obvious choice for Halloween that year. Tom Scherman and Bob Burns take a break from rock painting to see how Robby looks against the re-created Altair IV landscape. An earlier stage of the construction can be seen on page 54.



Above left: Elaine Baker, eyes glowing red, played the possessed in "The Thing in the Attic." Kathy Burns alternated with Elaine during the night, as the levitation effect was quite strenuous. Above middle: the levitation rig created by Al Jerumanis seen from behind the set. Right: the effect in action. Left: Tom Scherman and Dennis Muren midway through the construction of the attic set. Middle: the completed set in daylight. Once dressed with cobwebs and rats and properly lit, the effect was chilling.

Goombah was buzzing around the rooftops of Los Angeles looking for a place to land. Burns offered his roof. Goombah wanted more . . . Goombah got what he wanted!

brought over 500 kids. This year we expected more, so there would be lines.

"Tom suggested putting a monster on the roof, and Goombah was born. We also rebuilt the living room so that it looked as though Goombah had crashed through the roof." There was caved-in plaster, overturned furniture and even a strangled victim in the corner. Bob Burns had rigged a sound-effects tape with heavy, ominous breathing for Goombah and the sparking crackle of broken electrical wires.

"We animated Goombah as much as possible. There were two guys inside him on the roof, one operating a large orange eyeball and the other moving his mouth." The guys inside Goombah could see the kids, so when one of them would point or say something, Goombah would roll his big orange eye in his direction. "That always got a big reaction." One of the tentacles was rigged on a line and would snake back and forth across the yard. "The kids were fascinated and intrigued, so much so that some even forgot their candy."

Inside the house, with its caved-in roof set, Goombah had one of his tentacles around the victim's neck. David Allen, the model animator, operated the victim's wires, making him jerk in agony while shouting, "Help Me! Help Me! He's eating my brain!"

The following year Burns' interest in makeup surfaced with an elaborate embellishment of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. "Again the crowds were getting to be too much to handle, so we had an outside set and an inside one." Inside was the hidden laboratory of J. Evil Scientist. Outside, Jon Berg and Dave Thompson played Frankenstein and Dracula to keep what were becoming very considerable crowds entertained. Berg or Thompson would pop out of a coffin every so often and scare everyone to death.

"The laboratory of J. Evil Scientist featured myself doing my favorite Jekyll and Hyde transformation. The props were wonderful. We had rigged what appeared to be the living head of my wife Kathy made up as an ugly witch. It was actually a loop of 8mm film projected onto a white wig block. She would roll her eyes, look at me and move her mouth. Under her head was a box rigged with her heart and the sound effect of a heart beating."

The lab set was a hodgepodge of retorts, glass tubing and gadgets — very Universal Studios. Jim Danforth painted the medical certificates and anatomy charts on the back wall. The tally for this show was

1,748 people. "I had to do the show for two nights. That was the last show we did in the living room. Kathy banished us to the backyard, which was just as well since now we had the space to really let loose.

It was Kogar the Gorilla, an act that Art Laing and Bob Burns had done at Magic Mountain, that became Burns' first *backyard* extravaganza in 1972. The act at Magic Mountain consisted of Art Laing (a reporter for KFWB-Radio) playing a British bring-'em-back-alive explorer and Bob Burns in his gorilla suit. Art drove around the park with Bob "Kogar" Burns in a cage. Art would stop at various places in the park and go into his spiel about how he had brought Kogar back alive. At one point Kogar would get the cage door open and start to escape, bellowing and shaking the cage while Art would struggle to get him back into the cage. Finally, Art would get Kogar "back under control" and drive off to another area of the park. "You could always spot where we'd been," remembers Burns. "The ground would be littered with hastily dropped hot dogs, hamburgers and abandoned baby strollers. One person even leaped into a fountain in the mistaken belief that gorillas are afraid of water.

"I've always been interested in gorillas," smiles Burns. "When I was a kid I got to meet most of the greats in gorilla lore, like "Crash" Corrigan and Charles Gemora. I built my own suit, but for the backyard Halloween show, Rick Baker helped me make a new head that was much more realistic. In fact Rick doubled for me in the show. It was the first year I decided to double cast. Rick's gorilla was real mean looking and he and Charlie Dugdale made a good team. Art Laing and I alternated. It's a pretty grueling task working the long night in that gorilla suit — a good way to lose weight!"

The Magic Mountain act was considerably expanded for Halloween. The backyard of the Burns' residence was done over as a jungle compound, with tropical-looking bushes and trees, lots of bamboo fencing. Mike Minor painted an enormous gorilla gateway over the driveway so the trick or treaters would have to walk through a giant gorilla mouth to get to the show. "It was a great help — really set the mood.

"And of course the backyard was ideal for us. Now we could handle large groups of people instead of just five or six at a time on the front porch. And Kathy was happy since we weren't making a wreck of the house.

"From Kogar and the jungle in 1972, we

stepped back into the realm of SF with a sequence based on *Forbidden Planet*. We built a stage set in the backyard representing the arid landscape of Altair IV. Mike Minor painted a background piece 35 feet across and twelve feet high for the landscape. Al Jerumanis, Kathy's boss and head of data processing at MCA, designed a rig for the background to curve it like a cyclorama. At stage left was a sort of cave alcove with a screen rigged to rear project the 'Id Monster.' I have a number of the original sketches that Josh Meador did for the film that Bob Alvarez was able to animate for me onto a short loop of film. Bill Malone was kind enough to loan us Robby, without whom we really wouldn't have had a show."

The scene started with a blackout. As the lights went up to a good glow, Charles Dugdale, as the captain of the United Planets Cruiser C-57D, came onstage with his crew. Dugdale turned to the audience saying, "Greetings from Altair IV. We are beaming this transmission to you via holographic projection from the surface of the planet." He then mentioned that they were about to explore a mysterious looking cave. At that point Robby made his entrance and was introduced by Dugdale saying that Robby was someone they had just met on the planet. Well, the kids went wild at the sight of Robby — all aglow and gears grinding. (Who wouldn't?) Robby launched into a speech welcoming them to Altair IV, describing the atmosphere and so on.

In the midst of his spiel, Robby broke off and began to flash a warning signal. The cave began to glow and there appeared at the mouth of the cave a glowing red "Id Monster." The crew fired their blasters, which were hand-crafted replicas made by Bill Malone, at the monster as the entire stage began to go dark. Then, without warning, long tentacles and crawly things popped out at the audience. This "boo" was Burns' device to signal the end of the show, and now he could move in a whole new batch of people.

The following year Burns turned from classic SF to horror/fantasy with "The Thing in the Attic," based on *The Exorcist*. Filled with Hollywood magic, this show was probably the most genuinely scary of all of Burns' endeavors. It also featured the talents of some of Hollywood's finest SFX men. Rick Baker made himself up as the terrible clawed demon, and his wife Elaine as the possessed. Kathy Burns and Elaine Baker spelled each other in the show, as the task

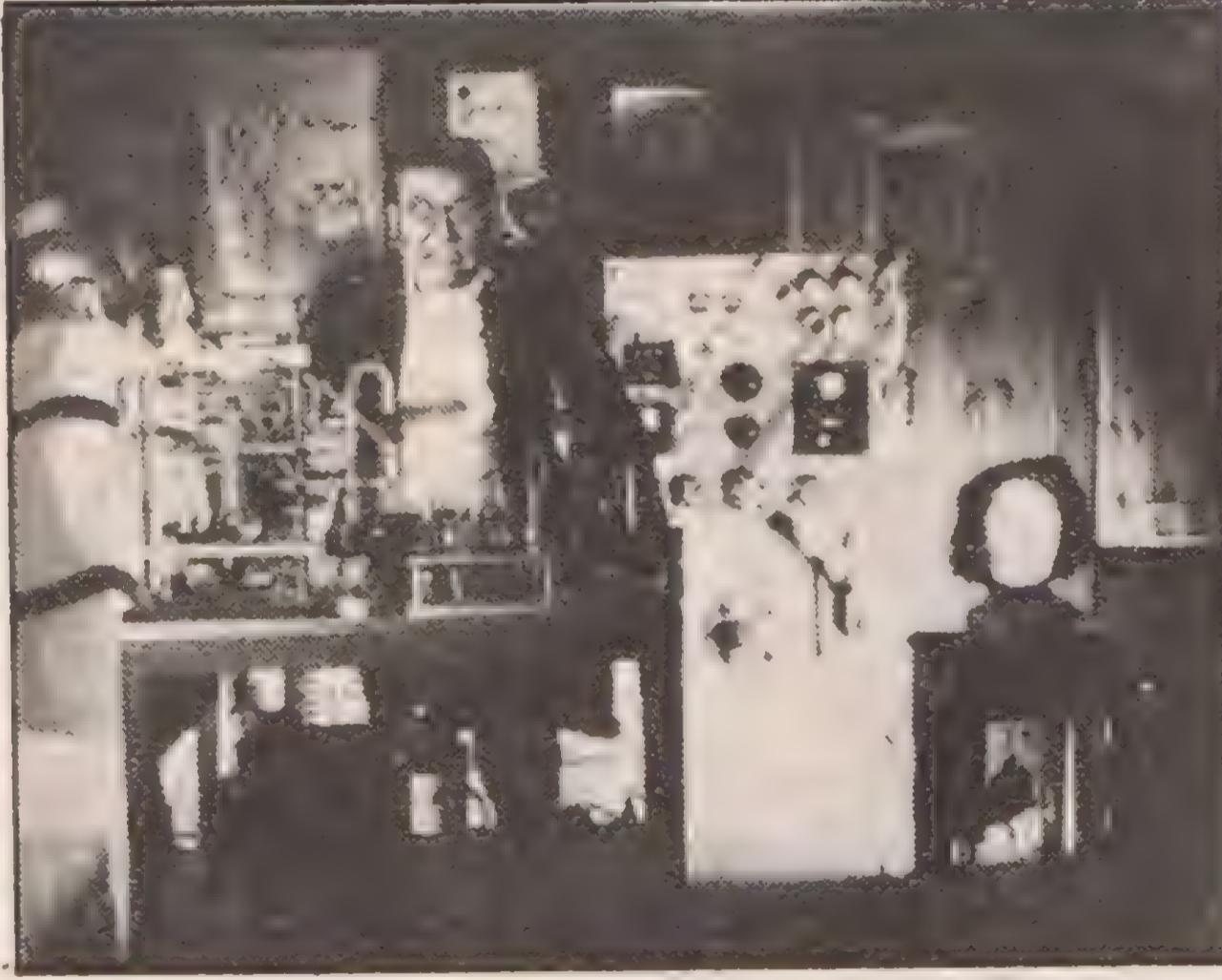
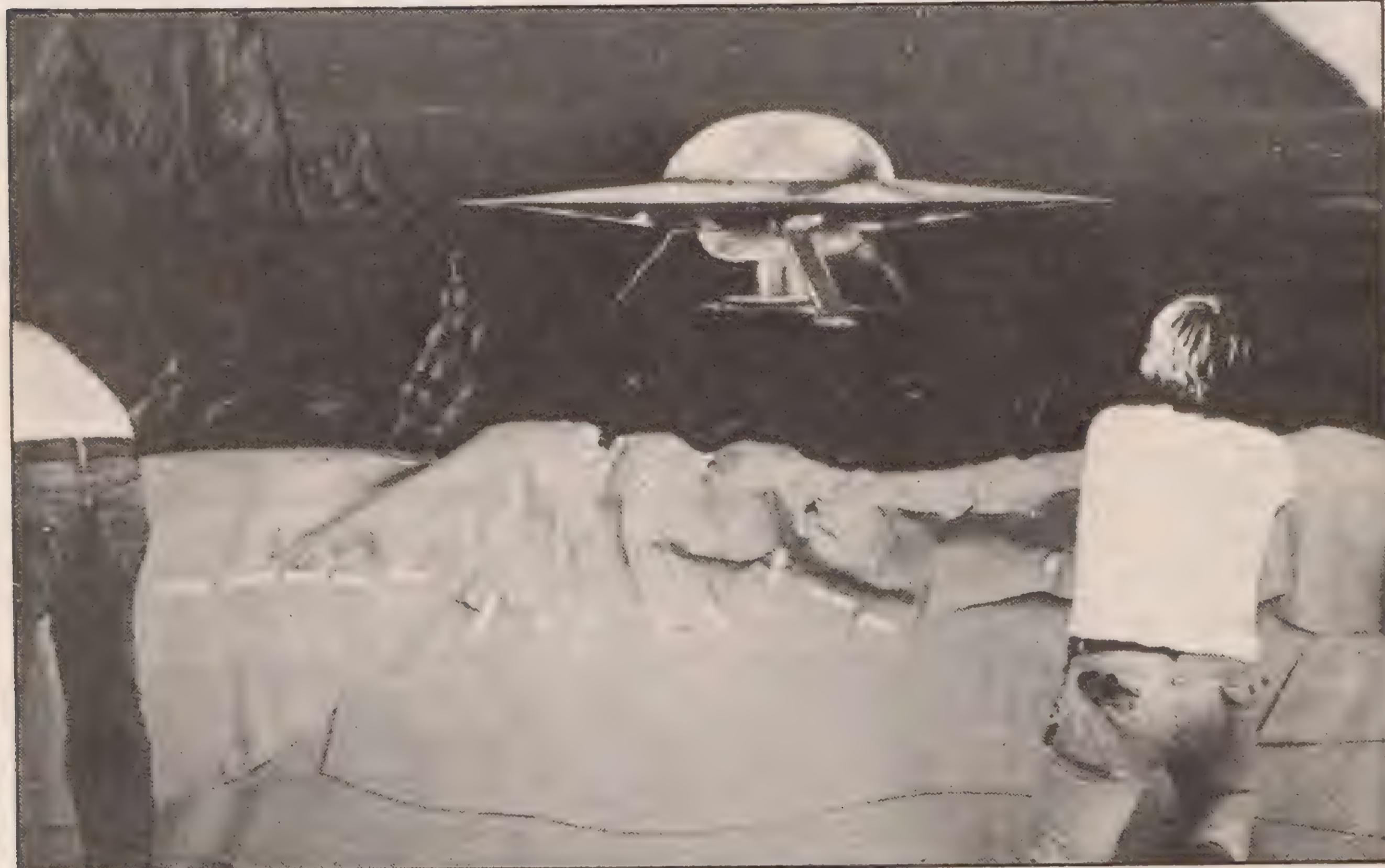
Producing special effects on film is one thing, but producing the same effects *live* for an audience of kids that don't miss a thing is a whole new challenge.

of levitation was something of a strain on one's back muscles. Al Jerumanis again engineered the levitation so that the girl would not only rise several feet clear of the bed but would also move forward, toward the audience.

The scene opened on a gloomily lit, cobwebbed attic. With stalwart Halloween regular Charles Dugdale explaining to the assembled that "we have been invoking

sounded forth from the twisted mouth of the possessed victim as she rose into the air, eyes glowing with red fire. At the peak of the fury, Rick Baker lurched onstage as the most terrifying demon you have ever seen or could imagine, menacing his wickedly long claws.

"As you can imagine, such an effort required an enormous backstage crew to operate all the equipment," Burns says.



PHOTOS: COURTESY BOB BURNS

Top: The crew completes the form for the ground row in front of the Altair IV cyclorama. Some three dimensional shapes were molded in, but most of the rocks sprang into three dimensional relief with a little urging from Mike Minor's brush. Above left and right: Bob Burns performs his "Jekyll and Hyde" transformation by means of red and blue lighting, much the same way Fredric March did it in 1932 (see page 44). The remarkably life-like head is an 8mm projection of Bob's wife, Kathy. Use of firm projections is becoming common in amusement parks across the country. Her beating heart was rigged below the head with sound FX.

the spirits of the underworld for some time and . . ." Just at that moment things got out of hand. The rocking chair began to move as if by unseen hands. A trunk opened and closed. Bureau drawers flew open and slammed shut by themselves as howling wind, thunder and lightning began to shake the walls of the old attic. Then the voice of old Beelzebub himself

"Dennis Muren's spooky lighting made the old attic look like it was just infested with things that crawled and ate and then crawled again."

The weather helped a lot too. It rained all day, helping to settle the night into a proper gloom — perfect for Halloween. "About midway through the evening however," Burns recalls, "someone came

running back to get me, saying that about 20 motorcycles had just pulled up and their leathered-and-chained riders had joined the line. 'Uh-oh trouble,' I thought. But the cyclists had hiked to the end of the line — some three houses down — to see the show. They stood for almost an hour, and afterwards they came asking for me. 'Hey, are you Bob Burns?' 'Uh, yes . . . sir.' 'Well, we just wanted to say that we think that this is a great thing you're doing for the kids. If you ever have any trouble you just let us know.' And with that they climbed back onto their cycles and sped off. Whew! Yes, sir! 'The Thing in the Attic' was the scariest show we ever did."

Every year, Burns tried to top what he had done the year before. Everyone remembered how much fun Goombah had been and they wanted to go back to SF. Mike Minor designed a scene based on *War of the Worlds*. There was to be a huge rocket that had crashed into the back of Burns' house. State police and radio announcers would describe the scene while the trick or treaters played the onlookers in the crowd that would naturally gather at any such an event. "It was sort of an amalgam of the Orson Welles radio show, the book and the film, but it was good theater."

"The *War of the Worlds* show was pretty much Mike's concept — he designed it," Burns relates. "Al Jerumanis figured out a way to have a 35-foot rocket hang 30 feet in the air at one end, with the ground end buried into the caved-in section of my house. It was properly secured so the thing wouldn't fall over and kill somebody, or get blown away in a wind storm and end up as a real wreckage seven houses down the block."

"Tom Scherman built some wonderfully intelligent-looking Martians, while Mike Minor supervised painting and construction. Mike and Tom are examples of those very rare and wonderful people that can scrounge around in a garbage pile, looking for old odds and ends, then repaint and assemble them into an eyeboggling set. Both are producers' dreams — able to create wonders out of almost nothing."

"The guys built a fake wall onto the back of my house for the rocket to 'crash' into. They even matched the paint. It looked so realistic that many people thought that I done it for real. 'Well, ole Burns has finally gone 'round the bend, actually smashed in the back of his house for Halloween.' Of course it was just very good make-believe."

Once again Charles Dugdale greeted the crowds that assembled in the backyard to

"When I was a kid, Halloween was always a special time—a kind of national celebration of make believe. . . . I used to answer the door on Halloween night wearing a monster mask."

see the enormous rocket which had smashed into the back of Burns' house. "I had borrowed an old 1928 antique microphone from one of the engineers at CBS for Charlie to begin his spiel: 'Good evening ladies and gentlemen. We are reporting from' Then one of the Martians made its appearance. We had a couple of guys in borrowed police uniforms approach the Martian with the white flag of truce. (*Everybody* understands what a white flag means.) Craig Newswanger had a great death-ray effect rigged up with lights, smoke and sound—one of the rangers would just disappear in a flash of light and a red mist. Very effective. For a 'boo' we had a fake wall built in front of my garage. At the appropriate moment several Martians burst out of the window and grabbed whomever was nearest."

The sound system was quite elaborate. "I had been lent Gates cartridge machines from CBS. Maury Weingart mixed the effects that I gave him for the show. Interestingly, one of the sounds was supplied by Ben Burtt, who was working on *Star Wars* sounds at the time. Our death ray was one of his effects.

"We had the usual growing crowd for this show; we were getting to be well known by word of mouth. During the evening a charter bus pulled up and 50 people got out and stood in line to see the show. It seems they had driven 70 miles up from Orange County to catch our little four-minute act. I felt obliged to do the show twice for them. They loved it, especially the driver.

"When it came time to strike the set, we hacked out all the braces holding the rocket and waited for it to fall. It didn't move. It had been so well built that we had to go at it with sledge hammers.

"But in 1976 we were really stumped for a show. *War of the Worlds* had been an enormous show and nobody had any ideas that would top it. But then I happened to come across something that would be the centerpiece of our greatest show yet—George Pal's *Time Machine*, the original movie prop.

"It had been sold for many thousands of dollars to a traveling carnival that went out of business after a few years. The time machine hadn't been taken care of—the glass pods were smashed and the original chair was missing. Finally, it had ended up in the hands of an antique dealer when I heard about it. The dealer wanted a lot for it. I finally got the price down to something I could live with by pointing out that it was in terrible shape and would re-



Bob Burns' Hollywood Halloween 1967-76

Key Designers, Craftsmen and Performers: Bob Burns, Kathy Burns, Charles Dugdale, Al Jerumanis, Mike Minor, Dennis Muren, Craig Newswanger, Tom Scherman, Joe Viskocil and Alan White.

Special Contributors: Dave Allen, Rick and Elaine Baker, Jon Berg, Doug Beswick, Ben Burtt, Jim Danforth, D. C. Fontana, David Gerrold and Bill Malone.

Donors of Time and Talent: Bob Alvarez, Lynn Barker, Helen Bautista, Paula Crist,

Fran Evans, Doyle Gray, Art Griggs, Bill Guest, Bill Hedge, Bob Hydar, Wanda Kendall, Art Laing, Jim Mathenia, Mike Marney, Harvey Mayo, Ray McReynolds, Jerry Neely, Tim Neely, Ray O'Keefe, Grace Richards, Lee Richards, Marc Richards, Val Richards, Terry Smith, Dave Stipes, Tom St. Aman, Bill Taylor, Dave Thompson, Ted Tritch, Morris and Margaret Vescovi, Maury Weingart and Randy Yamamoto.

quire extensive, expensive restoration. I didn't tell him, however, that I had the original plans and would be able to do an *exact* restoration job. Most of the original craftsmen and builders had since passed away, but I just happen to have, as good friends, some of the most marvelously talented people in the world. Saving the time machine and restoring her to her original glory would be a labor of love. In fact, thanks to the talents of Harvey Mayo, Marc Richards, Tom Scherman, D. C. Fontana and others, the machine is in better shape than it was for the film. The original had to be controlled from off-camera by cables, but we have it wired so it actually operated from the control box by the hand of the traveler.

"But what scene could we do from the film? Well, we decided to start where the film had left off." As you may remember, George, the Time Traveler, climbs back into the machine and returns to the future, taking three books with him to help the Eloi rebuild their civilization

and fight the Morlocks. David Gerrold scripted the new show and played the part of the Time Traveler, alternating with Halloween regular Charles Dugdale.

The scene began in the laboratory with the Time Traveler packing his three books into the machine to return to the future. Bob Burns had managed to obtain the original music and sound effects used in the George Pal film. As the Time Traveler began his journey, lights moved and flashed, representing the rapid passage of the Sun and Moon as he traveled headlong into the future. The lights in the laboratory begin to dim as other lights flashed across a scrim, that separated the stage from the audience. Suddenly, with a flash of light and sound, the traveler hit a "time warp." All the lights, except for those on the time machine, cut out for two seconds, which is all the time necessary for the set to change (Al Jerumanis' engineering again) to the cave of the Morlocks.

Bob Burns was able to supply the authentic sound of the Morlocks' under-

ground machines. Visible in the background was the mouth of the cave and the ominous sphinx that had called the gentle Eloi to their deaths. As the Time Traveler climbed from the machine to explore the cave, Morlocks appeared around him, finally engulfing him as the lights blacked out.

From the rear of the audience, other Morlocks appeared, eyes glowing and arms reaching toward the spectators, who made a hasty exit.

"The Return of the Time Traveler" ran for two nights. Halloween has a way of lasting for more than one night at Bob Burns' house. They played about 45 or 50 shows to 3,726 people — some of whom stood in line for two and a half hours.

The show was the product of weeks of work by teams of dedicated and talented artists and craftsmen who volunteered their time and skills. Was it really worth the long hours and tedious detail work so necessary to the success of such a show? Over three thousand people thought so.

But the cast and crew had a *special* kind of reward. On Thursday before Halloween, George Pal himself dropped by to see what was happening with his brainchild. Needless to say, Pal loved the show.

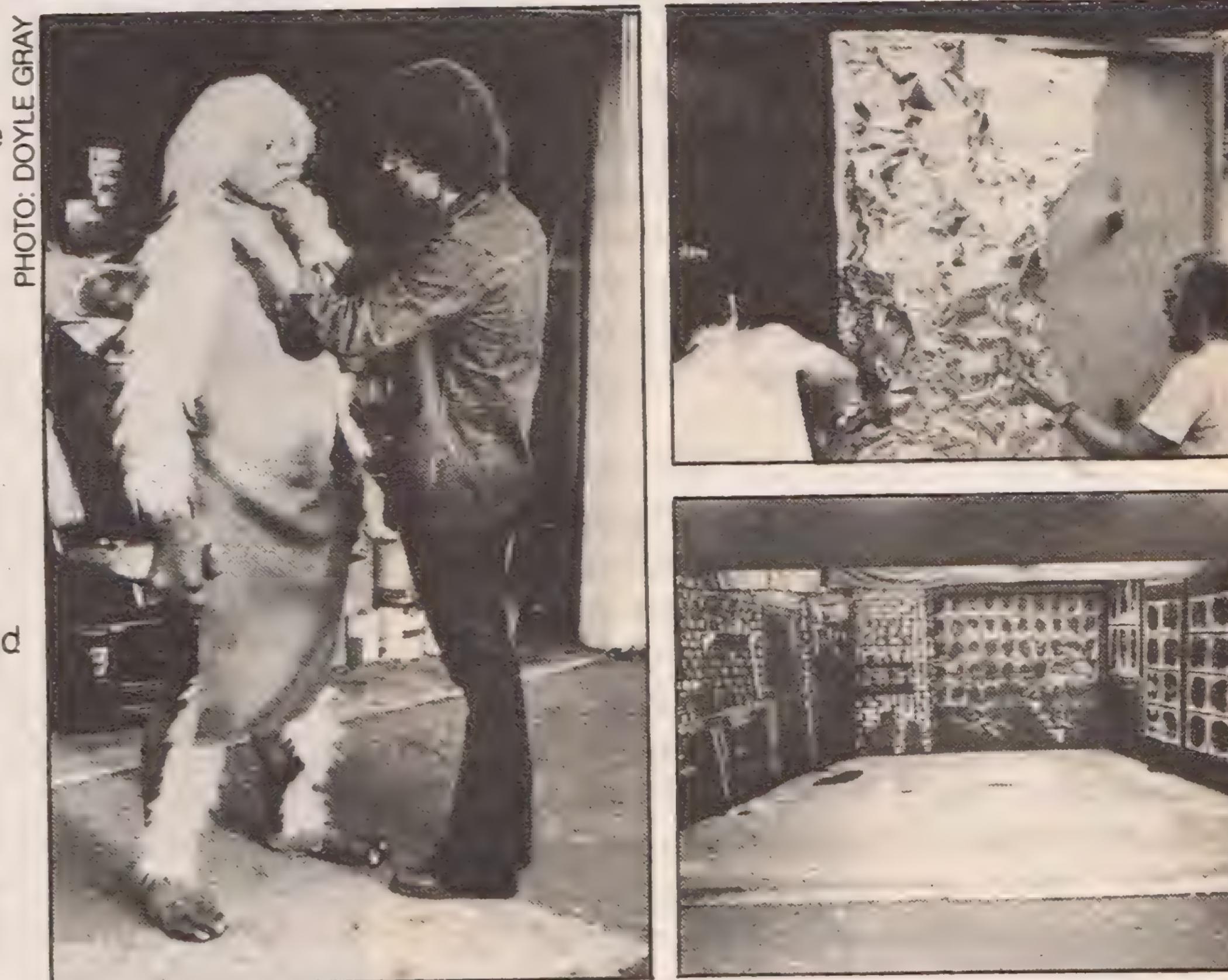
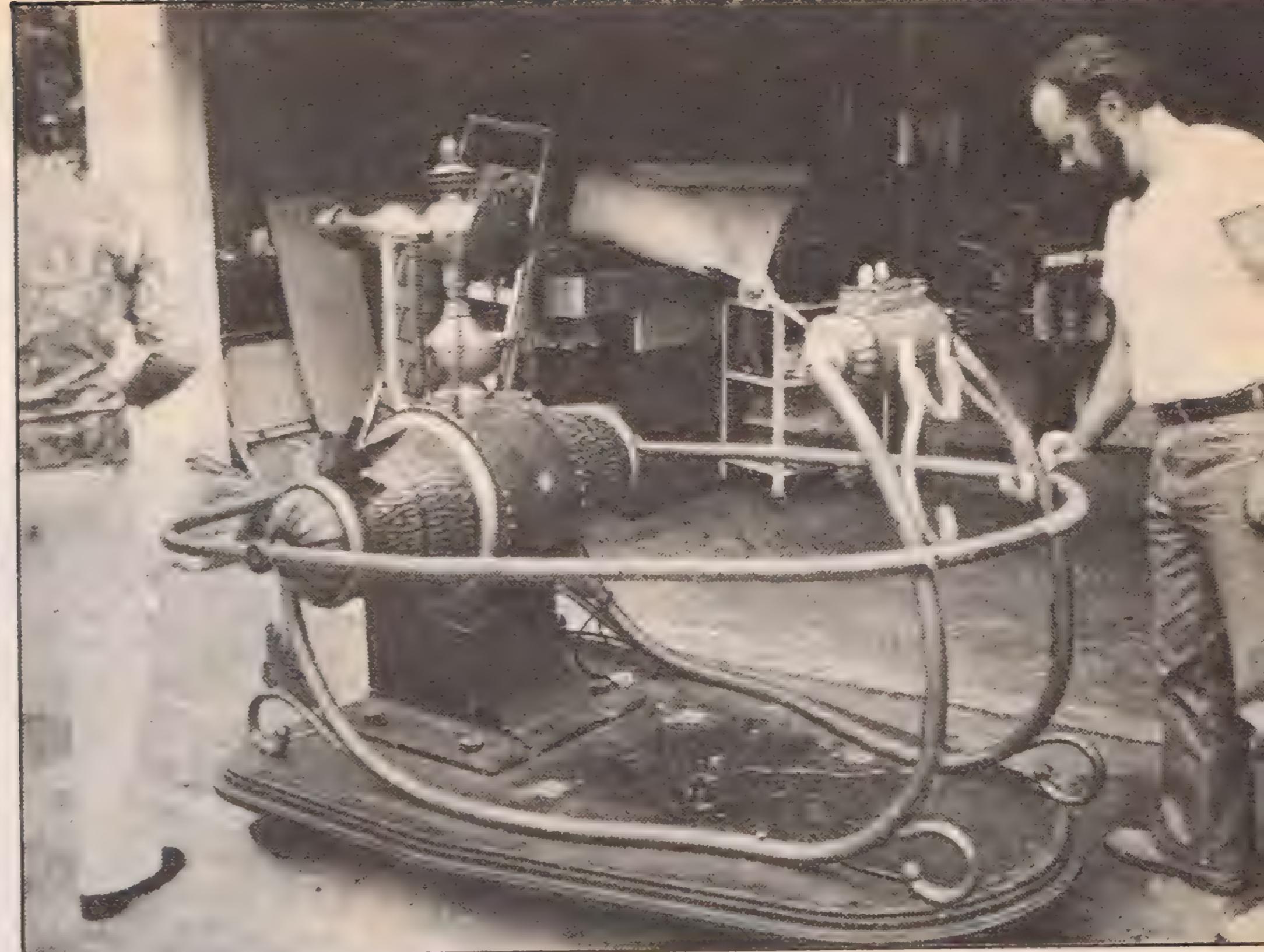
Afterwards, Pal was asked to sit in the time machine and try the controls for himself. Oddly enough, he had never done this. When the time machine was in production, he had had no time to even sit in the machine himself. Now, after all these years he would get *his* chance at the controls.

A smiling and boyish George Pal climbed into the seat and reached for the knob that had sent Rod Taylor plummeting into the future. It was a special kind of moment and the very rarest of treats to watch the face of the man to whom the SF cinema owes so much.

This Halloween will find Burns' backyard empty. The recent resurgence of SF cinema has meant that there isn't any more spare time for Burns' loyal friends to give to children on Halloween. Mike Minor and Joe Viskocil are working day and night on *Star Trek*, Dennis Muren is moving to San Francisco to begin work with the *Star Wars* sequel, Tom Scherman is busy with his own SF project and so it goes for many of the rest of the highly talented and creative people who have given so much in the name of fun for children.

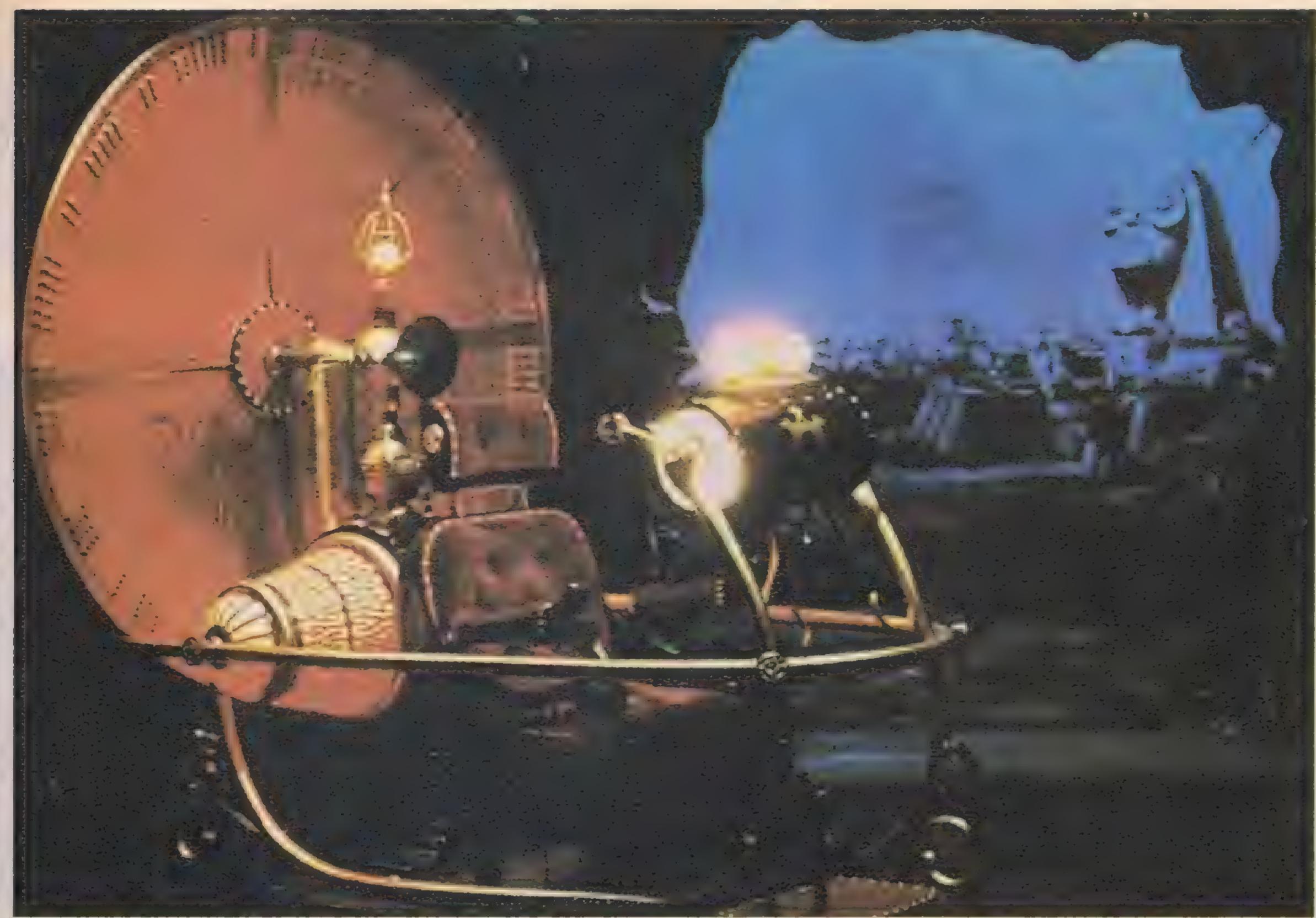
Bob Burns had to move from front porch to backyard to accommodate ever increasing numbers of children. The growing scope of his shows has moved again, this time to Magic Mountain. The famous amusement park north of Los Angeles has hired Burns to share his vision of Halloween with as many people as the amusement park can hold. See you there. ★

OPPOSITE PAGE:
Far right top: Harvey Mayo adds a few last-minute touchups to the time machine. Far right: the original chair was missing, so a new one had to be fabricated. Right top: the completed machine aglow in the cave of the Morlocks. Right: the complete Morlock cave set: the side panels revolve to change the set from cave to laboratory. The rear shutter slides out of the way to reveal the backdrop painting of the sphinx. The entire change could be made in less than two seconds. Live special effects, such as this rapid dissolve, are a pleasant change of pace to artists whose work usually appears on film.



Above left: Terry Smith gives a final check to one of his Morlocks; Morlock costumes by Kathy Burns. Above right: rock walls were fabricated from aluminum foil applied to each revolving panel. Top right: the laboratory set. The cave walls are on the back side of each revolving panel. The rapid change was engineered by Al Jerumanis. Right: view of the rear support structure of Mike Minor's rocket set for the "Martian Invasion." It proved to be so well built that Burns' crew had to go at it with sledge hammers to take it down.

PHOTO: © 1978 JOE VISKOCIL



PHOTOS: COURTESY BOB BURNS

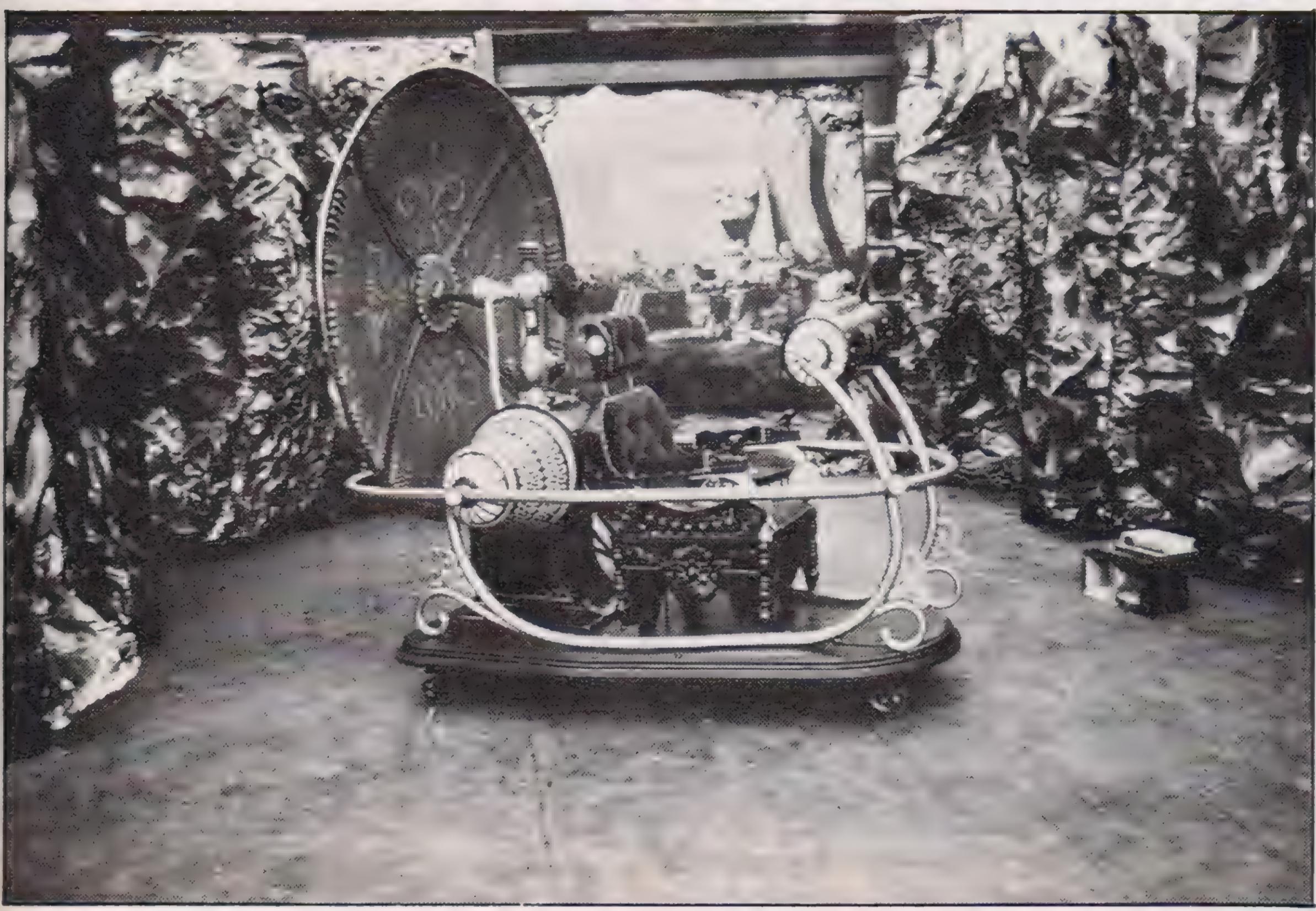
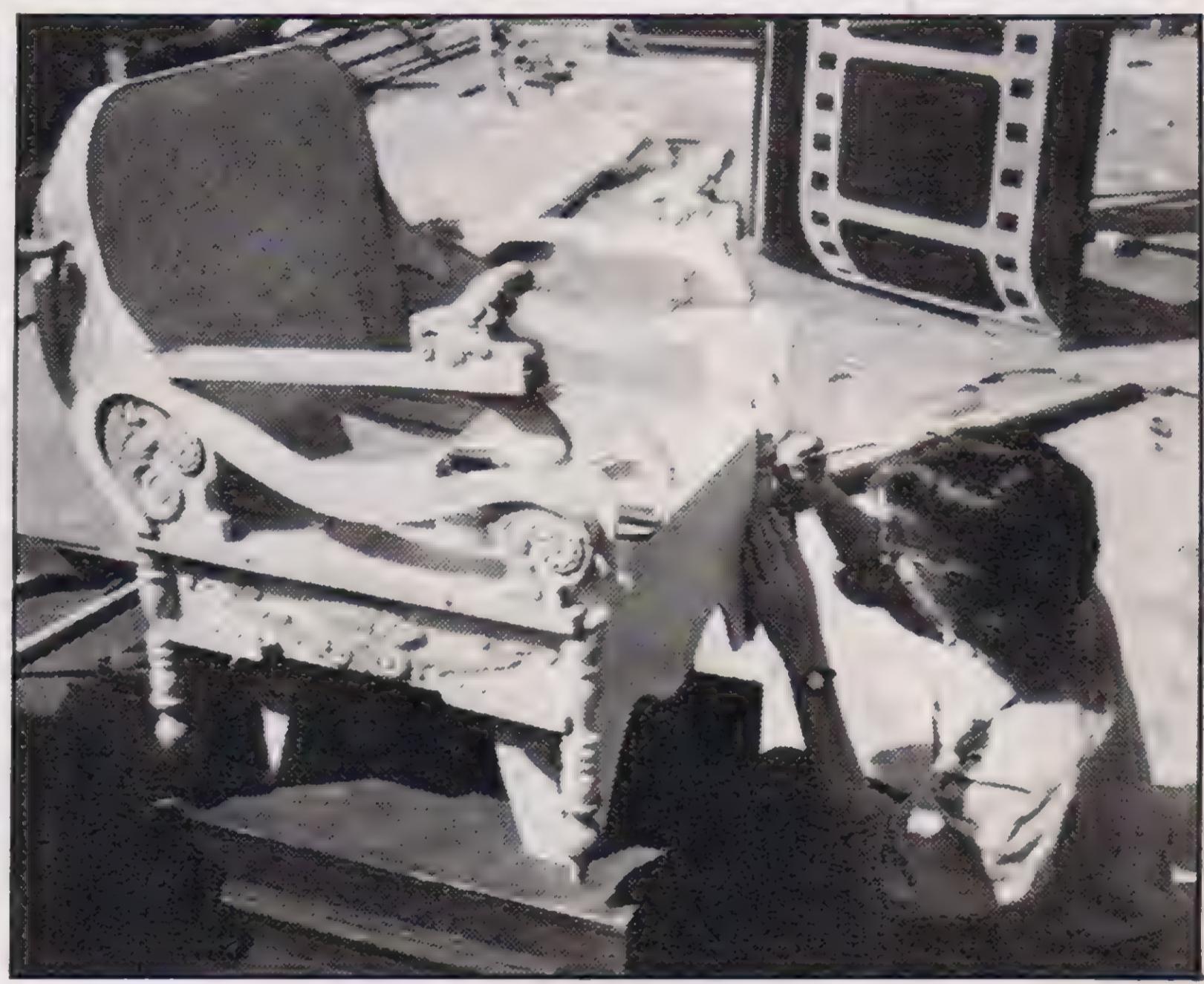


PHOTO: DOYLE GRAY



PHOTOS: COURTESY BOB BURNS



A ranger gingerly approaches one of the Martians before vanishing into a cleverly contrived heat-ray effect. Above right: the completed effect of the rocket crashed into the back of Burns' house. Right: Tom Scherman's Martian at an early stage of construction.



INTERPLANETARY EXCURSIONS, INC.

ART: RON MILLER



Artist Ron Miller's 110° panoramic view of a large crater being explored by IEI. A thin neon atmosphere is slightly visible on the horizon. The Sun, some forty times farther away from Pluto than Earth, gleams like a tiny diamond at the far left.

Ports of Call: Moons, Moons Everywhere

By JONATHAN EBERHART

For a brief period in 1974, just a few hours really, one of the scientists working with Mariner 10 thought that the spacecraft had detected a moon of the planet Mercury. It turned out to be a distant star (misjudged from the effect of an unusual viewing geometry on some ultraviolet measurements), and it wouldn't have been much of a moon anyway—just another chunk of rock. Yet there's something about a moon, something that seems to make it more special to the non-science-bound viewer than, say, just an umpteen-thousandth asteroid. In our solar system, after all, they're more the rule than the exception: Earth has one, Mars a pair (one of which may become a ring of moonlets a few thousand millennia from

now). Jupiter has at least a baker's dozen and probably more. Saturn has 9, 10 or 11 (the controversy rising with the number); 5 are known for Uranus, and 2 for Neptune.

And one, apparently, for Pluto. On June 22, James W. Christy of the U.S. Naval Observatory was examining some photos taken during the preceding couple of months as part of the routine task of refining knowledge of the planet's orbit. (Pluto is so far from the Sun—its mean distance is nearly 40 times Earth's—that it has traveled less than a fifth of the way around its orbit since it was discovered in 1930; hence, the orbit is less than perfectly known.) In photos from two evenings, Christy noticed that the planet seemed to be elongated, as though a bump were sticking out from its side—but the elongation was too large for any bump. Robert Harrington, also with the observatory, used the times when the bump was pointing in different directions to determine how fast it would be orbiting the planet (if that's what it was doing), and when Christy dug up photos showing the same bump from 1965 and 1970, Harrington used them to check his result. The answer

did more than check out; it showed the now-presumed moon to be circling the planet every 6 days, 9 hours and 17 minutes, exactly the same as the rotational period calculated several years before Pluto itself, based on cyclic changes in brightness as the planet turned on its axis. The implication is that the moon is always over the same spot on Pluto's surface. To a resident of one part of the planet, the moon would never set; elsewhere, it would never appear at all.

But Pluto is not the only object in the solar system newly found to have what seems to be a moon. June of 1978, in fact, may turn out to have been the beginning of a veritable "moon boom."

Almost any astronomer you ask can tell you about strange things that he or she has seen in the sky. Many of those things, however, have been seen only once and by only one observer, under conditions that are difficult or impossible to reproduce. Such oddities—the jargon is "anomalies"—are often passed off as insignificant, or else ignored altogether. If only someone else, observing from another location, had seen the same thing! On June 7, that's just what happened.



Pluto's recently discovered moon (tentatively named (Charon) is visible at right hanging in the sky above the yellow IEI observation dome. Pluto's moon, about 1200 km in diameter and 9000 km above the surface, is in synchronous orbit around the planet.

That night, a middle-sized asteroid (a couple of hundred kilometers or so across) known as 532 Herculina passed between Earth and a star. It's possible to measure the asteroid (or whatever—the rings of Uranus were discovered this way) very accurately by noting the times at which the star's light disappears and reappears, and a number of observers had scattered around to various sites to monitor the event. One of them, an experienced amateur astronomer named James McMahon, was observing by eye through a telescope near Boron, Calif. He saw the main event, or occultation, but he also saw four shorter occultations prior to the big one, and two more after it—just the sort of oddball stuff that leaves lots of astronomers curious but frustrated since there's hardly ever anyone else around to confirm it. This time, however, Ted Bowell of Lowell Observatory in Arizona saw something too: a single event, not six, in addition to the main one, but the timings (corrected for his different viewing location) matched with one of those noted by McMahon. The tentative conclusion: an *asteroid*, of all things, with a *moon*! Bowell calculated the presumed moon to be 45.6 ± 3.6

kilometers in diameter, and Herculina itself (which was the original point, after all) as 243.0 ± 1.4 km across. When seen, the two objects were 977 ± 1 km apart.

Given the discovery of the rings of Uranus only 15 months before, it would be reasonable to wonder about the other five secondary occultations that McMahon saw. Bowell says, however, that it's proven virtually impossible to construct a layout for the rings so that none of the other observers would have seen their effects on the star's light. It's more likely, he believes, that 532 Herculina has not just one moon but several.

Strange, right? An asteroid that thinks it's a planet? But who would have believed in the cases of Herculina or Uranus if there had not been agreement among two or more observers? In the light of those discoveries, perhaps it's a little less crazy now to look back at neglected anomalies from past asteroid observations, which, though unconfirmed, may seem a bit more worthy of serious consideration.

An asteroid known as 6 Hebe, for example, occulted a star on March 5, 1977, only five days before the discovery of Uranus' rings. An experienced amateur

observer named Paul Maley was watching the event through a small telescope and saw one secondary occultation lasting about half a second. He made no claims of moons or anything else—but Uranus and Herculina were yet unheard from. On May 29 of this year, Richard Radick of the Prairie Observatory in Illinois recorded a secondary event while monitoring an occultation by the asteroid Pallas; he was recording the occulted star's light on a photometer strip-chart—an extremely precise technique—and Thomas Van Flandern of the Naval Observatory says that the secondary occultation could represent an object about 1 km across. Back in 1975, on January 24, “all sorts of people

(continued on page 69)

The wonders of “real” space are at least as remarkable as any environments dreamed up for novels, movies or television; hence this column—a regular travel guide for the spacefarer. Jonathan Eberhart is Space Sciences editor for Science News.



PIRANHA

A few years back, director Joe Dante spent most of his time in movie theaters, relishing reels of science-fiction fantasy. Today, it's Dante who's luring SF fans into theaters . . . with a tale of finned fury.

By ED NAHA

Joe Dante is a movie fan, first class. "My background is probably the same as most of the people who read *STARLOG*," he says. "I was around when the first issue of *Famous Monsters of*

Filmland came out. I bought a couple of copies and had them torn up in summer camp by counselors who didn't approve. But by then I was already hooked. I was really into science fiction and horror films."

Dante then took his love for strange

cinema to colossal fan proportions, eventually writing for *Castle of Frankenstein* (another horror mag) and, following art school, *Film Bulletin*. Today, 29-year-old Dante has succeeded in fulfilling a film fanatic's dream: he has directed one of the most successful movies ever released by New World Pictures . . . *Piranha*.

"My producer, Jon Davison, and I saw it as a good excuse to hire some of our favorite actors," Joe says. "I tried to get in all the things I really liked in movies when I was a kid."

As a result, *Piranha* is a strange mixture of SF elements and horrific thrills, boasting a fleet of fanged fish and a few stop-motion monsters to appease the special-effects fans. *Piranha* is the tale of an armada of super-killer fish, developed years ago by the Army for use in the Viet Nam War. Created by demented Dr. Hoak (Kevin McCarthy), the fish are accidentally sent tumbling down a river where they encounter a children's camp, a seaside resort and actors Bradford Dillman, Heather Menzies, Keenan Wynn, Dick Miller and Barbara Steele. As the cast gets gobbled, the heroes wonder . . . is there no way to stop the fish? During the filming of *Piranha*, however, director Dante often found himself wondering if there wasn't any way to start the fish . . .

"Basically, the movie was a pain to



CENTER PHOTO: NEAL PRESTON

film," Dante laughs. "It was a very ambitious picture for the small amount of money and time we had. Initially, we wanted to use all stop-motion. When we approached Jon Berg, who worked on *Star Wars*, with the idea, he was horrified. We had to throw that idea out, although we did have Phil Tippett do some little stop-motion guys for Kevin McCarthy's lab. We just wanted to have them in there.

"We didn't have much time to experiment with the special effects. We tried using rubber fish that Phil came up with but that didn't work. It was frustrating. Finally, Jon came up with a fish on a rod that was controlled by hand off-camera. We shot it at eight frames per second and it looked pretty good on screen, thank god. That was a lucky break because even if they had looked terrible, we would have had to use them.

"We were running on a tight schedule but the actors were great. We got some great eyebrow raises from Barbara Steele. Everyone saw what we were trying to do and really got into it. Kevin McCarthy was wonderful. On his first day, he was supposed to start at 2 p.m. but we didn't get around to him until 8:00. We were scheduled to have a fight between Kevin and Bradford to wreck the laboratory, and we only had an hour left to film it. We had to do it in one take. It was perfect. Kevin

was so into it that he practically killed Bradford Dillman. He threw him all over the room."

Joe Dante is a graduate of the New World trailer department ("I learned a lot there. You have to take these very basic films and cut them down to a zippy three minutes.") and a veteran director of *Hollywood Blvd.* ("Jon Davison made a bet with Roger Corman that he could do a film in ten days for \$60,000. I don't remember much about it because we made it so fast, but I got to work with my favorite actor ... Robby the Robot.") He found *Piranha* a challenge in a number of ways. In the final cut, the film has two climaxes ... the original script's, wherein a day camp filled with children is attacked by the fanged creatures from South America, and an additional scene wherein seaside bathers are bloodied. "Roger wanted a *Jaws* scene," Joe explains laconically. "But he didn't want to lose the summer camp bit because there was a possibility of having people eaten there, too."

With *Piranha* behind him, Joe now looks to the future, ready to direct his next movie ... a project that, he swears, will not have "any water, children, dogs or special effects. Those are the things you are supposed to avoid. In *Piranha* we used them all!"

Above center: New World cronie Allan Arkush and Joe Dante. Clockwise from upper left: a stop-motion mutant; piranha lunchtime; a piranha on the prowl; Brad Dillman reasons with Kevin McCarthy; everybody out of the pool!; a water-skier spots a bit of piranha leftovers. Opposite page: one of Phil Tippett's lab monsters.

Piranha

A New World Pictures Release. 1978. Metrocolor. 92 minutes. Produced by Jon Davison, co-producer: Chako Van Leeuwen. Directed by Joe Dante. Screenplay by John Sayles from a story by Sayles and Richard Robinson. Director of Photography: Jamie Anderson. Special Effects: Jon Berg. Creature Design and Animation: Phil Tippett. Special Makeup: Rob Bottin and Vincent Prentice. Photographic Effects: Peter Kuran, Bill Hedge and Rick Taylor. Animation: Adam Beckett. Mechanical Effects: Doug Barnett and Dave Morton. Executive Producers: Roger Corman and Jeff Schechtman. Music by Pino Donaggio.

Grogan Bradford Dillman
Maggie McKeown Heather Menzies
Hoak Kevin McCarthy
Jack Keenan Wynn
Buck Gardner Dick Miller
Dr. Mengers Barbara Steele
Earl Lyon Richard Deacon

The First "Space: 1999" Convention



Gerry Anderson escorts the winner of the costume ball (Sue Cole) from the room.

As I sit here in my home near London, I've finally found some time to sit back and reflect on the first *Space: 1999* Convention held in Columbus, Ohio, July 28-30. Until that time, I had never been to a convention and I had no idea what to expect. Conventions are not things that are normally held in England.

When my good friend Barry Gray (who was musical composer on almost all of my productions) and I left London, we were slightly apprehensive about what awaited us on the other side of the Atlantic. I don't mean that in any nasty way, it's just that Jeff Jones (organizer of the con) was just a name on a piece of notepaper among many thousands of others that have arrived from the United States. At the time I had no idea who Jeff Jones of the *National Save: 1999 Alliance* was. I probably would not have attended the convention if it were not for the recommendation of David Hirsch. It's hard to judge whether these letters are from responsible people.

I don't think that Barry and I are conceited people. We didn't automatically expect to receive a rousing reception, but as we consumed numerous glasses of Scotch on the aircraft, our minds conjured up all

kinds of pictures. We envisioned an empty convention hall with just Jeff Jones there to meet us on his own, or perhaps a hotel full of screaming fans who invaded the city and were going to kidnap Barry and I and hold us for ransom. Or perhaps a good convention, except with people who really didn't know anything about the show. We really were traveling into the unknown.

I guess the eventual fantastic reaction we had at the convention was due to the fact that we really didn't know what to expect. Certainly the cordiality shown to us by Jeff, Dottie, Mona, Chuck, Ted, John and Kathy was something very touching.

The visit to Ohio State University's Cancer Research Center, where Jeff and Dottie work, made Barry and I realize for the first time that the people who were organizing this convention were not just a bunch of kids, but highly intelligent, well-educated adults doing really a fantastic job. It made us feel quite insignificant by comparison.

Since the *National Save: 1999 Alliance* is a non-profit organization, the group elected to donate all profits to the Columbus Children's Hospital. Before the convention started Friday evening, we were invited over to take a tour of the hospital.

In honor of the convention, Barry Gray has rewritten his lyrics to the theme from the *Fireball XL-5* television series.

Fireball

I wish I was a spaceman, I'd put my spacesuit on,
And fly you to Columbus, and take you to the con,
Then in the bar at the Sheraton, we'd chat and get all gooey,
And then we'd drink a *Fireball*, a *Fireball*,
That's a Gin and Tonic, with Vodka, Ice and Drambuie!

We'd talk of Space One Nine, Nine Nine,
And perhaps you'd get a date,
With the great Commander Koenig,
and that merry guy Nick Tate.

Then back to the bar we'd wander, tho'
the night was nearly gone,
We'd drink another *Fireball*, a *Fireball*,
And try to find our room, two one five one!

But all good things must end, of course,
and Wednesday is the day,
When I'll be flying home again, aboard
TWA.

But when I get there I'll betcha, I'll
make for the bar's direction,
And drink another *Fireball*, a *Fireball*,
And thinking of all you guys with warm affection!

Used by Permission.

David Hirsch was sent on ahead to screen a print of my *Thunderbirds* series for some of the children while Barry, Dave Prowse (who arrived the day before) and I did a television interview.

The tour of the Children's Hospital was exciting. It was the first time I had seen this kind of research going on. Though the hospital was just a model, I wished that there were many more thousands of them around the world just like that one. There are so many rotten things in this world, so many wars, so many bad thoughts, that it was a pleasure to spend an hour in the environment and company of people working for the good of humanity. Barry and I were both humbled by the experience. I would go as far to say that if I could turn the clock back and start all over again I would elect to be involved in cancer research instead of science-fiction films.



PHOTOS: DARLENE PALENK

The guest stars with the third place winner, Shimare Oderkirk, at the costume ball.

Upon our return to the hotel, I was delighted to find that Martin Landau, Nick Tate and Clifton Jones had turned up. I don't have to say nice things about Martin Landau — there's no gun to my head, but really, for a star of his caliber to make the journey while he was amidst another picture was really a very nice gesture on his part. That really gave the convention a lift for me, and I'm sure for everyone else.

I was impressed by the fact that 700 people turned up each day and by the genuinely warm and exciting reception that we got when we were presented on stage. The excitement built as the autographs were requested; people came to speak to us and I was certainly delighted to speak with them. I slowly began to realize that we were known by quite a lot of people in the States and that our work was appreciated. It made the whole thing terribly worthwhile.

I must confess that I felt that Barry and I almost came under the category of senior citizens at the con and we had quite a job keeping up with everyone. We found that our hands were nearly dropping off from writing autographs; our voices were disappearing. Mentally, however, we were alert and enjoying every moment of it.

The convention was interesting from other points of view. It was interesting to see the many people who deal in properties from *Space* and similar programs, and to discover the number of collectors.

Certainly the auction achieved two things: it showed us the value of properties that belong to the series and, of course, it

was wonderful to think that we were able to raise \$4,584 for the Children's Hospital. I remember lying in bed that night thinking there might be, in a few years time, a healthy human being walking around thanks to equipment purchased with the proceeds. I think it was terrific of Bob Mandell of ITC to help David Hirsch amass so much material for the auction. It wouldn't have been possible to raise so much money if it wasn't for his help.

Barry and I thought that everyone involved with the convention did a magnificent job, everyone was well behaved and there were no ugly incidents. It was just three very pleasant, rewarding days for us. We really appreciated all the things that were done for us and it is our hope that there will be another, even bigger *Space: 1999* convention next year. If invited, Barry and I will certainly come along and do everything we can to help. ★

— Gerry Anderson

Readers are invited to send their questions and topic ideas to Gerry in care of STARLOG. Although personal replies, requests for materials, etc., are impossible, letters of general interest will be selected for printing in future issues.

Gerry Anderson's Space Report
STARLOG Magazine
475 Park Avenue South, 8th Floor
New York, NY 10016

FUTURE CONVENTIONS

Here is the latest listing of the upcoming conventions. If you have any questions about the cons listed, please send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to the address below the name of the con. As always, guests and features are subject to last-minute changes. *Conventioneers, please note:* to insure that your con is listed on our calendar, please send all pertinent information no later than 15 weeks prior to the event to: STARLOG Convention Calendar, 475 Park Ave. South, New York, NY 10016.

TROPIC-CON 1 (SF, FANTASY)

Orlando, FL Nov. 23-25, 1978
Tropic-Con 1
P.O. Box 15072 B
Orlando, FL 32858

1st BRITISH FANTASY FILM CON

London, England Oct. 28-29, 1978
Fantasy Film Convention
52 Roydene Rd
London SE181QA
England

LOSCON 5

Pasadena, CA Nov. 3-5, 1978
Loscon
c/o Elayne Pelz
15931 Kalisher St.
Granada Hills, CA 91344

GALACTICON (SF)

Los Angeles, CA Nov. 18, 1978
Galacticon
P.O. Box 39439
Los Angeles, CA 90039

THANKSGIVING CREATION '78 (SF, ST, Comics)

New York, NY Nov. 24-26, 1978
Gary Berman
Box 6547
Flushing, NY 11365

SF, HORROR, AND FANTASY CON V

Los Angeles, CA Nov. 24-26, 1978
SF, Horror, & Fantasy Con
P.O. Box 69157
Los Angeles, CA 90069

PHILCON '78 (SF)

Philadelphia, PA Dec. 8-10, 1978
Meg Phillips
210 Londonderry Ln.
Darby, PA 19023

SCIENCE FICTION SPACE FANTASY CON

New York, NY Dec. 16-17, 1978
National Star Wars Association
P.O. Box Q
Stony Brook, NY 11790

CENTRAL COAST GALACTICON (ST & SF)

Pismo Beach, CA Dec. 17, 1978
S.T.F.A.
P.O. Box 226
Avila Beach, CA 93424

The STARLOG/FUTURE space art slide show, "Reaching For The Stars," is available to all conventions. Featuring a music score by Eric Wolfgang Korngold, the show generally accompanies a guest appearance by members of the staff. Convention organizers should contact Tom O'Steen to make arrangements.

STAR TREK REPORT

Stardate 7808.7 — From the Bridge of the Starship "Enterprise"

It's 3:00 in the afternoon at Paramount Studios in Hollywood. A warning bell signals quiet on the set. The camera begins rolling. The action starts on the next "take" of Scene 64, the first scene to be filmed for *Star Trek — The Motion Picture*.

The 25 or so people who will be in front of the cameras have been rehearsing since morning. For the last hour, director Robert Wise has been patiently attempting to get the actors, extras, technicians, special-effects people and the rest of the crew into perfect synchronization. It's a tricky scene showing the Bridge of the *Enterprise* being prepped for departure, involving everything from light panels, opening elevator doors, images on the main viewer, last minute checks at each Bridge station, an extra who must be suspended in midair on "anti-gravs" and a number of other things. It must appear randomly chaotic on screen, although it is directed by Wise with total control and the skill of a symphony conductor. Finally, after "take" 15, he's got the scene down the way he wants, and the entire crew bursts into applause. The first scene ever to be filmed for *ST-TMP* is finished.

Since last week everyone involved has been working for this day — August 7 — and today the energy level is especially high. In the early morning you could sense the excitement in the air, the tension, the eagerness to begin. The cast was in makeup as early as 7:00, with everyone due on stage at 9:00. With the confusion of last minute checks on technical equipment before cameras could roll, the stage itself mirrored the scene to be shot. Actors were running lines, learning new dialogue which had just been handed to them on blue (revised) pages; camera and lighting checks were being made; people were congratulating each other; last minute adjustments to costumes and makeup were being taken care of. Nearly 100 people involved in getting this scene on film were crammed into the corner of Stage 9, which contains the Bridge set, and since there are





PHOTO: © 1978 PARAMOUNT

Above: Gene Roddenberry explains the new Captain's chair to William Shatner on the Bridge. Taking mental notes are, left to right: Majel Barrett, Grace Lee Whitney, Walter Koenig, Nichelle Nichols and George Takei. Shatner is holding a new scanner.

only two entrances to the Bridge (the elevator doorways), and one passageway was taken up with camera equipment, gaining admittance to the Bridge was worse than trying to get on the Hollywood Freeway during rush hour.

There were brief, unrehearsed opening ceremonies: Gene Roddenberry presented Bob Wise with one of his personal treasures — a black cap with gold script lettering which reads "Enterprise," given to Gene by the captain of the atomic carrier *Enterprise* when he toured that ship as a guest. Property master Dick Rubin and I had prepared a special surprise for Gene — a bottle of champagne. Gene cracked it over the Bridge railing, thus officially christening the starship.

Although the first day's shooting does not involve the entire cast, nearly everyone is on hand for these first few moments. Bill Shatner has brought along his three daughters, Leslie, Melanie and Lizabeth. Leonard Nimoy dropped by to wish everyone luck, although Mr. Spock's first scenes won't be for another week. DeForest Kelley is looking on — he also starts in a few days, as does Persis Khambatta, eagerly showing off her freshly shaved head needed for her role as "Ilia."



Above: Shatner, Nimoy and Kelley huddle on the new bridge. Left: Captain Kirk delivers a monologue during a tense scene. Peering through the camera is cinematographer Richard Kline. Behind and to Shatner's left is master director Robert Wise.

Stephen Collins, former New York stage actor who played Hugh Sloan in *All the President's Men*, starred in the TV movie *The Rheinmann Exchange* and stars in the new motion picture *The Promise*, has just been signed for the starring role of Commander Williard Decker. This handsome young actor is discussing his lines with Gene Roddenberry in a quieter area of the stage.

There are some new faces too. Actors who will be playing crew personnel assigned to the Bridge reflect *Star Trek's* philosophy of equality of races and sexes — and there's even a new alien from some far-off planet assigned to the Bridge. These new cast members are: Momo Yashima, Iva Lane, Billy Van Zandt, Ralph Brannen, Franklyn Seales and Ralph Byers. Other roles are still being cast just prior to those scenes being shot, and with a twelve-week shooting schedule, there will be a variety of new faces.

During the weeks of principal photography, and for many months thereafter, we will be working closely with our optical house, Robert Abel and Associates. Even after the final "take" is shot in late October, the film will still only be partially finished as we await delivery of the exciting visual scenes which will complete the picture. We are also continuing to work with Carey Melcher and Magicam who have been working on our miniatures and models, including the eight-foot *Enterprise* model.

In answer to many readers' questions regarding sequels, books and future television series which may result from the success of this film, there is a very good chance that there will be one or more sequels to this film. We've got very exciting starship sets, which makes the chances of a sequel seem quite good. This motion picture will be novelized by Gene Roddenberry, and there will be a book on the *Making of Star Trek — The Motion Picture* which Gene and myself are co-writing. The book will take you behind the scenes of the entire *Star Trek* production and will help answer many of the questions in everyone's minds. Television? It may still happen — Gene hopes to see a return of *Star Trek* to television at some future date.

Meanwhile, the good ship *Enterprise* has just been launched on her latest voyage, and we'll keep you informed of her progress in the next issue.

The Adventures Of Stella Star: An Actor In A Strange Land

When American actor David Hasselhoff learned that he was about to star in an Italian SF epic, he was overcome with joy. During the filming, however, he was overcome by food poisoning, bulky face masks and a workers' revolt!

By DAVID HOUSTON

This fall, American International is set to release a multi-million dollar space swashbuckler called *The Adventures of Stella Star* or *Starcash* or whatever other title they come up with in the remaining weeks prior to its debut. The film, directed by Italian SF fan Luigi Cozzi, has been surrounded by stateside confusion since its inception nearly two years ago, going through at least three name changes and a releasing schedule that has leapfrogged from month to month since last May.

Will it ever be released? Will it ever get a title? Don't ask David Hasselhoff, one of the stars of the movie. He's still in a state of shock from the actual filming. Hasselhoff is best known for his role of "Snapper Foster" in the TV soap opera *The Young and the Restless*. On the TV show, Hasselhoff is indeed young and restless — as well as blonde and handsome, qualities that apparently landed him his role in *Stella Star*. Being signed for the role of an Avenging Outer Space Prince proved a surprise for the budding star.

"It was hysterical," he marvels. "I've been up for so many movies, with 87 callbacks, and nothing ever came of them. But this . . ." According to Hasselhoff, his manager met a producer at a party and the producer asked to see Hasselhoff for an audition for an unnamed movie. "I walked in for the audition," he recalls, "and he said, 'What's your name?' I said, 'David Hasselhoff.' He said, 'You're perfect for this movie.'"

The startled young actor sent the producer a tape of a *Young and Restless* episode which was then sent over to Italy to be viewed by the powers-that-be. A week later Hasselhoff had the role. He was told, "You're going to make a movie in Italy; you're going to be a movie star for a

month. Here's \$750 a week and expenses to live on. Have fun!"

At this point, information about the film began to make its way to the actor. "The movie is a fantasy, dreamlike, semi-campy, science-fiction story," he explains, "which centers around a very pretty girl, Stella Star, played by Caroline Munro, the English actress who was in *The Spy Who Loved Me*. I play the son of the emperor and the heir to the throne. I'm the Prince who comes in to save the day. My father is played by Christopher Plummer. He's sort of the Alec Guinness of our show—who brings in more than a touch of class.

"I save the heroine from cavemen. I fight monsters with laser swords. I fight monsters who aren't even *there* (because they're special effects added later in composite footage) and *that's* a really strange experience for an actor.

"In the story, an evil count, played by Joe Spinell, is coming to our planet to destroy us and take over the Universe. We decide that the only way to survive is to eject one of our cities into hyperspace — which makes it invisible. I don't know why, but supposedly mathematicians have discovered a hyperspace."

The entire film turned into a real-life adventure for Hasselhoff who had never traveled to Europe before. He found that Italian filmmaking is a bit different from Hollywood's. "When I got to the airport, after a 17-hour flight, I saw this guy holding up a sign that said DAVID HASSELHOFF. He motioned for me to come this way and pushed me into a car. We zoomed to the middle of Rome. Suddenly I was in this little YMCA-type room trying on a space costume at three o'clock in the morning. Everyone there was frantic because they didn't know my size.

"Then the filming began. I had to drive down to Bari (a seven-hour drive), in the

ALL PHOTOS COURTESY OF LUIGI COZZI



Space heroine Stella Star poses with her handsome prince, David Hasselhoff.



Top of page: Stella Star (Caroline Munro) aboard ship. Above right: Marjoe and Munro. Above: David and director Luigi. Left: David solo.



Above: A stuntman teaches Stella how to fight Amazons. Top left: Aboard the "floating city." Left: A disembodied alien leader speaks.

south of Italy, where they have huge caves with stalactites and stalagmites, about a mile long and a half mile deep. I was really excited. From soap-operaland to movie stardom! So we go into the cave for the first scene. The director said, 'Here, wear this mask.' Oh my God, I thought, I've come to Italy to wear a heavy mask for the whole movie.

'To make things more interesting, I couldn't sleep the night before, so I drank a whole bottle of Jaggermeister with my co-star, Marjo Gortner. So I was kind of hungover on top of everything else. The director adjusted the mask and asked, 'How is it?' I said, 'Well, it's fine; except that I can't see or breathe.' And it was still wet with paint, so I was breathing fumes as well.'

It was at that point that Hasselhoff learned that no one involved in the film spoke English, except the director and other actors. "To say you were tired, you had to use sign language," the actor winces.

The non-English motif proved to be a unique filming experience in a myriad of ways for Hasselhoff. "The director told me to go to the top of the hill and run down dragging the girl. 'And when you get to the bottom, you say, Let's go this way, the way is empty.'

"I just looked at the director. I said, 'Luigi, in America we don't say the way is empty. He said, 'Then say whatever you want.'

"So we go to the top of the hill and we run down. And I'm falling down (and I'm supposed to be the hero), falling all over the place. And she's falling down and screaming; she's mad because I'm pulling too hard. And I can't see or breathe with the mask on." Finally reaching the bottom of the hill, the dazed and confused Hasselhoff faced the cameras and blurted, "Come, this way is empty."

The actors collapsed in laughter while director Cozzi simply shook his head, "This is terrible."

Hasselhoff's action scenes retained their slapstick quality throughout the location shooting. "I got to do a lot of stunts," he says. "The first day on stunts, I knocked out one stuntman's tooth—wiped it out. The director said, 'Brilliant! Fantastic!' And this poor guy's standing there bleeding from the mouth. These stunt guys were interesting, members of a local circus. Real sweet guys.

"Caroline Munro, meanwhile, hadn't done any punching or karate before and the stuntmen told her, 'Just try to hit us. You can't really hurt us.' They rolled the film and Caroline and I started in. I go *bam bam* and really hit the guy by accident. And she goes *whap* right into a guy's nose. By the time the film stopped, the stuntmen were a wreck. We wiped out two stuntmen in five minutes and we had to stop filming while they got bandaged up."

Then, just as Hasselhoff was beginning to get into the Italian style of moviemak-

ing, he was struck down by food poisoning. The rest of his masked shots were performed by a production assistant. "They called in a country doctor who didn't have the shots I needed, so he *sent* the medicine and equipment, like I was supposed to do it myself! The *prop lady* gave me the shots."

Once he recovered, Hasselhoff again donned his princely garb and dashed onto the set, where he encountered one of his celluloid idols. "We had Fellini's makeup man working with us and, through him, I got to meet Fellini himself — which is one of the most exciting things that's happened to me in my whole life. And working with Christopher Plummer was a total acting experience. He can take the worst dialogue in the world (and some of this was pretty bad because the film was done half in English and half in Italian, with all of it to be dubbed in later) and make it work."

During the actual shooting, the film's script was constantly being revised, edited and polished, leaving the actors in the dark as to the plotline. "They came to us one day and said, 'Here is the ending of the movie.' We read it and couldn't understand it. So Christopher Plummer, Judd Hamilton (who plays the robot) and I rewrote it. They just didn't know American mannerisms or slang."

Before the scene could be filmed, however, Hasselhoff contracted food poisoning again. "At four o'clock in the morning I'm on the phone trying to get

someone who can speak English so I can get a doctor."

Complicating *Stella Star*'s already convoluted fantasy antics were the equally surreal political activities in Italy during the shooting. When actors were not being tormented by bulky clothing, wet masks, sickness and confusion, they were assailed by rampant paranoia. "That was right before the Aldo Moro kidnapping," Hasselhoff remembers. "There was this undercurrent of tension that really had people looking over their shoulders constantly. There are twenty-two political parties over there and people are always talking politics. You would be on a bus and all of a sudden the driver would pull it over and announce that the company was going on strike for an hour."

"I was on a train once when it suddenly went on strike. I was shopping once and all of a sudden there were 97 police cars there with sirens blasting. There were fights breaking out all over. The police were on strike and there were people going crazy because they were against the strike."

In the midst of all the political intrigue, the only master copy of *Stella Star* was "confiscated in a communist workers' revolt and held for ransom. They went to the studio one day and surrounded one of the buildings. There were other films at the studio at the time, but they wanted *Stella Star* because it was an international production."

Six weeks later, long after Hasselhoff was back at work on *The Young and the Restless*, it was learned that the film had been recovered intact and that production was being completed. "The film was still called *Starcrash* then," Hasselhoff notes. "I was beginning to think that the title was indicative of my career!"

Since his breakneck days on the set, Hasselhoff has had time to see portions of the completed film. Surprisingly, that viewing has made the rigors of Italian filmmaking worth it in his eyes. "It's looking very good," he states. "The special effects are excellent. The sets looked shabby during filming, but on the screen, with the effects added, they are fascinating. I don't know who did the effects — one of the men had worked on *Star Wars* — but I do know that John Barry did the musical score.

"By the way, I did eventually get to take my mask off and even had some nice acting scenes. But most of the movie is sheer action . . . pure adventure."

With *The Adventures of Stella Star* or *Starcrash* now being readied for stateside release, Hasselhoff is looking forward to his next off-the-wall assignment. "Filming is an adventure in itself," he reflects, "and a wonderful way to make a living. I'd go anywhere to do a film now — Peru, India . . ."

If *Stella Star* is a success, maybe in a year's time Hasselhoff will be donning his wet mask and be blasting off for Italian hyperspace once again. *That* should satiate his hunger for "adventure." *

INTERPLANETARY EXCURSIONS

(Continued from page 59)

saw things," says Clark Chapman of the Planetary Science Institute in Arizona, during a heavily studied occultation by the asteroid Eros. At least two observers even published references to "secondaries," although two and a half years later there had still been no formal check of the timings for possible match-ups. Said Chapman, shortly after the tentative discovery of Herculina's moon: "It probably ought to be done."

There are other examples, but the point is obvious: perhaps asteroids with moons are not just extant, but commonplace. Maybe the asteroid belt between Mars and Jupiter teems with little worlds, each with its own moon or moons. (It may be *too* exotic to suggest that some of *those* moons have moons, but this seems like a bad year to bet against it.) How improbable is this? Hard to tell. The "commonplace" part is a bit farther than some scientists are willing to go, but they acknowledge that mutual collisions and re-collisions among the asteroids could perhaps produce enough objects moving at different speeds and directions for some to end up orbiting others. It wouldn't necessarily happen frequently, but it could have been going on for several billion years. Van Flandern maintains that the asteroids could be remnants of a shattered former planet, and says that there could have been enough chunks tossed free by the cataclysm for some to be traveling close together and at similar speeds, leading to "capture."

There's more to be gained from discovering new moons, by the way, than just lengthening the list of known natural satellites. They often can reveal significant information about their host planets, and Pluto is a prime example. It is so far away, for instance, that not even its size is certain. Until 1976, its most-cited diameter was about 5,800 km. Then Dale Cruikshank and two colleagues from the University of Hawaii discovered (from spectral studies) the presence of frozen methane frost on its surface. The existing size estimate had been based on the assumption that Pluto had a surface like that of Earth's Moon, but an icy world of the same total brightness would be much smaller — perhaps, said Cruikshank at the time, even smaller than the less-than-3,500-km diameter of our own natural satellite. Now that the total brightness appears to include the effect of a moon, Pluto seems smaller still. The Naval Observatory's Harrington says that Pluto and its moon appear from the photos to be about 20,000 km apart, and an assumption that the bodies are of equal density and surface reflectivity (per unit

area) yields the size not only of the moon, but of Pluto itself. Divided into Cruikshank's old planet-only estimate of 3,500 km, Harrington concludes that the newly found moon would be about 1,200 km in diameter, with Pluto being about 3,000 km across. This would make Pluto's moon, relative to its planet, the largest in the solar system.

Another finding makes Pluto strange indeed: since the presumed moon seems to circle the planet at the same speed that Pluto itself rotates, it's a safe bet, Harrington says, that the moon's orbit is right over the equator. It's been extremely difficult in the past to calculate how far Pluto is tilted on its axis, but it is less tricky to calculate the tilt in the plane of the moon's orbit. If they are the same, Pluto is nearly standing on its head, with its "north" pole pointing down at an angle of what Harrington estimates to be about 115° from the conventional ecliptic north. (Only Uranus among the major planets, tilted at about 98°, even comes close.)

If you're going out there for a look, expect an icy world indeed, and not only methane. During the planet's early evolution, virtually all the gases leaking out to the surface — which would have formed atmospheres on cozier worlds — probably froze solid on the spot, given temperatures (calculated from the methane) of -225°C (-373°F) or colder. A few years ago, some reflectance studies prompted one scientist to hypothesize the possible presence of an atmosphere with a surface pressure as high as Earth's (the only candidate gas that would neither freeze nor escape, by the way, was neon), but the newly discovered moon gives Pluto a reduced mass such that even neon might escape into space.

Without an atmosphere, and with the Sun a mere pinpoint in the sky (less than twice the size of Jupiter as seen from Earth), the planet exists in perpetual night — with one odd feature. The Sun, though too small even to be seen as a disk, is nonetheless about 8 magnitudes brighter at Pluto than is Earth's full Moon shining on your house. Italian astronomer Paolo Maffei describes the effect well in his book, *Beyond the Moon* (MIT Press), recently translated in its sixth edition: "At night a black sky strewn with bright stars, scarcely scintillating for lack of an atmosphere, looms over endless stretches and huge mounds of ice. Then, at a certain moment, a star much brighter than the others rises, and the landscape lights up much as the earth does in the moonlight: the sun has risen — a sun that should provide light and heat but instead, revealing with its eerie light the desolate stretches of ice surrounding us, increases the gloom that prevails in this distant land."

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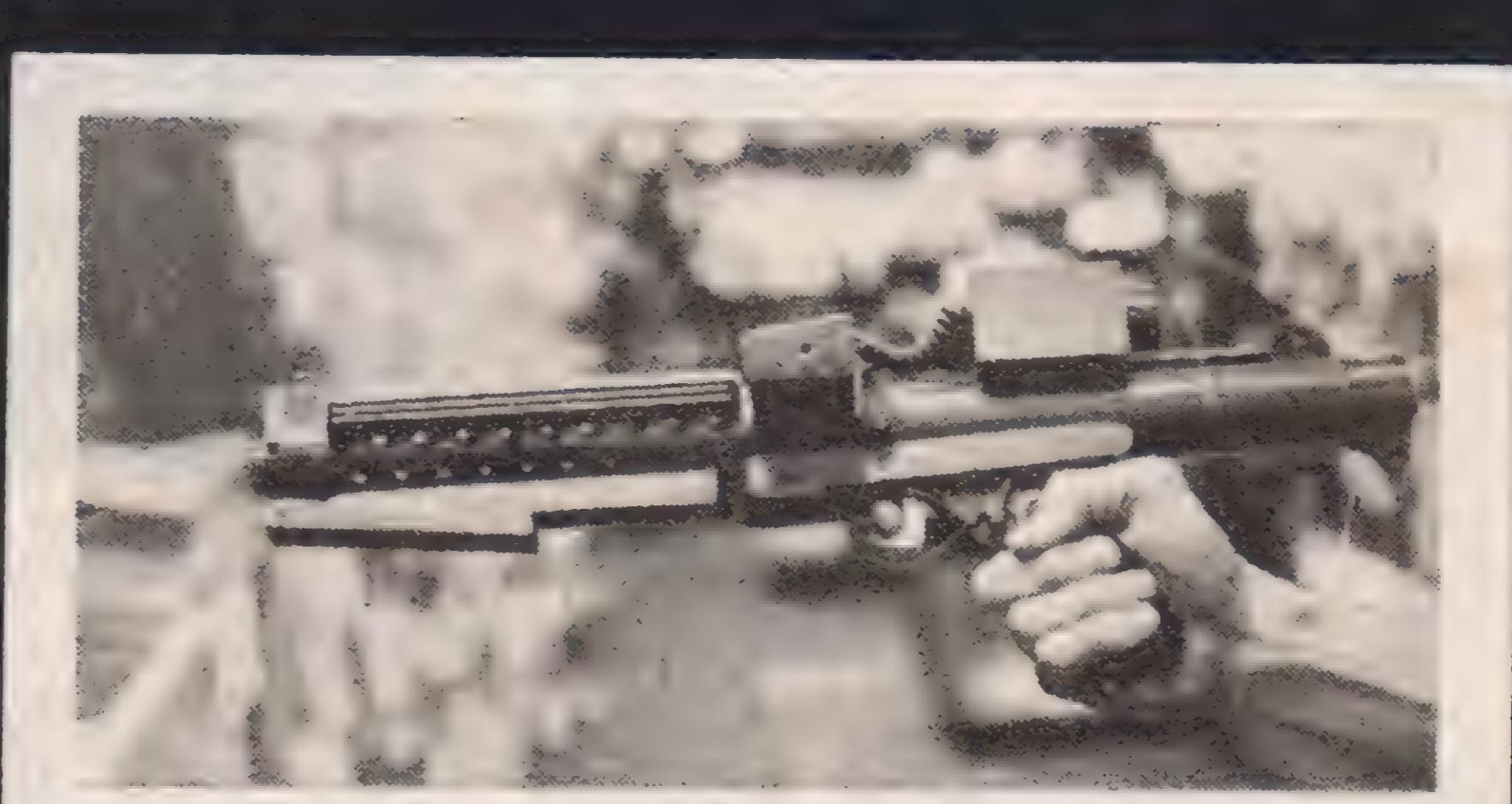
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"For a time I believed that mankind had been swept out of existence, and that I stood there alone, the last man alive. I came upon another skeleton, with the arms dislocated and removed several yards from the rest of the body. The Martians, I thought, had gone on and left the country desolated, seeking food elsewhere. Perhaps even now they were destroying Berlin or Paris . . ."

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle concocted *The Poison Belt* (1913), in which a sub-space "ether" sweeps Earth to cleanse it of life like some monstrous, avenging, cosmic antibody:

"Think of the ships at sea — how they will steam on and on until the furnaces die down or until they run full tilt upon some beach. The sailing ships too — how they will back and fill with their cargoes of dead sailors, while their timbers rot and their joints leak, till one day they sink below the surface. Perhaps a century hence, the Atlantic may still be dotted with the old drifting derelicts . . ."

Almost as soon as movies began to flicker, they were foretelling the end. In 1910, *The Comet* showed a desolated world. In 1916, *The End of the World* was caused by yet another comet; a commentator said it shows "flames shooting from the sky to burn all the habitations of man, and earthquakes moving the ocean in unaccustomed places; men, women, and children flee from the flames and the floods." (These were likely inspired in part by Verne's *Hector Servadac*, 1877, in which a comet absconds with a portion of Earth.)

Plague destroyed all but the cream of mankind in the brilliant film of Wells'



Approaching the Martian cylinder with the white flag of truce, these three were the first to die in George Pal's adaption of the Wellsian classic, *War of the Worlds*. The Martian war machines were out to utterly destroy the world.

Things to Come (1936); and after Hiroshima, none of us was safe from cinematic A-bombs. In Arch Obler's *Five* (1951), disparate representatives of humanity come together in a wilderness house (an actual site designed by Frank Lloyd Wright) to fight out the last of human conflicts and leave only an Adam and an Eve to begin our race again. The theme was taken up numerous times, as in *Captive Women* (1952), *The Day the World Ended* (1955), *The World, the Flesh and the Devil* (1959) and *On the Beach* (1959), based on Nevil Shute's chilling novel, in which:

"Most of the window glass was still in place in the high buildings at the center of the city. There seemed to be nothing wrong with the city at all, except there were no people there. Many electric lights and neon signs were burning still . . ."

Apparently, *Dr. Strangelove* (1963) and *Fail Safe* (1964) polished off both humanity and the atomic-doomsday trend.

Thereafter post-holocaust stories — like *Omega Man* (1971) and *Logan's Run* (1976) — ascended and perpetuated the omnipresent feeling of ruin.

Science-fiction author J.G. Ballard sees a positive side to such visions of disaster and obliteration:

"I believe the catastrophe story, whoever may tell it, represents a constructive and positive act by the imagination rather than a negative one, an attempt to confront the terrifying void of a patently meaningless universe by challenging it at its own game, to remake zero by provoking it in every conceivable way."

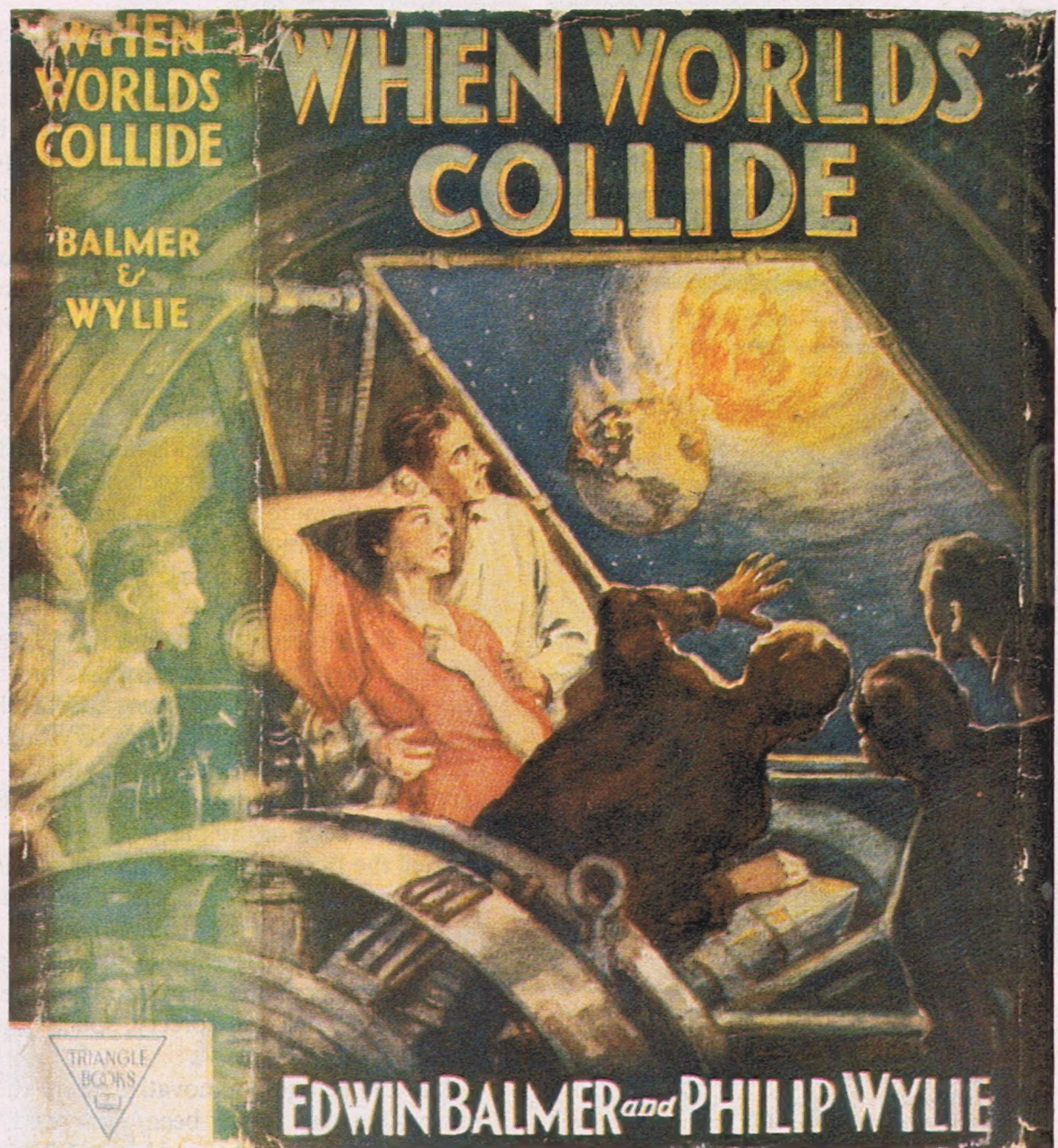
Generally present also are the corollary themes of heroism (ingenious attempts to escape), dignity (stature along with resignation) and courage (conquest of overpowering fear).

In that light, consider this last note a cheering one — if you can. From Balmer and Wylie's classic *When Worlds Collide* (1932):

"In the chamber of the hurtling Space Ship no one moved. Earth and Bronson Alpha² were but a few moments apart. It seemed that even at their august distance they could perceive motion on the planet, as if the continents below were swimming across the seas, as if the seas were hurling themselves upon the land; and presently they saw great cracks, in the abysses of which were fire, spread along the remote dry land. Into the air were lifted mighty whirls of steam. The nebulous atmosphere of Bronson Alpha touched the air of Earth, and then the very Earth bulged. Its shape altered before their eyes. It became plastic. It was drawn out egg-shaped. The cracks girdled the globe. A great section of the Earth itself lifted up and peeled away, leaping toward Bronson Alpha with an inconceivable force. The two planets struck. Decillions of tons of mass colliding in cosmic catastrophe" (Of course, before Burroughs built his Empire on Mars, there were Verne and Wells — and Ivanhoe and Camelot and 1001 Arabian tales of princesses and thieves and despots and heroes and magic and monsters . . .)

¹From *The Visual Encyclopedia of Science Fiction*, Harmony Books, London, 1977.

²In George Pal's 1951 movie, the two bodies were a star, Bellus, and an Earth-like planet, Zyra. In the original novel, the bodies were a Jupiter-like gaseous planet, Bronson Alpha, and the Earth-like Bronson Beta — named, logically, for the astronomer who first detected their approach and computed their all-destructive orbits.

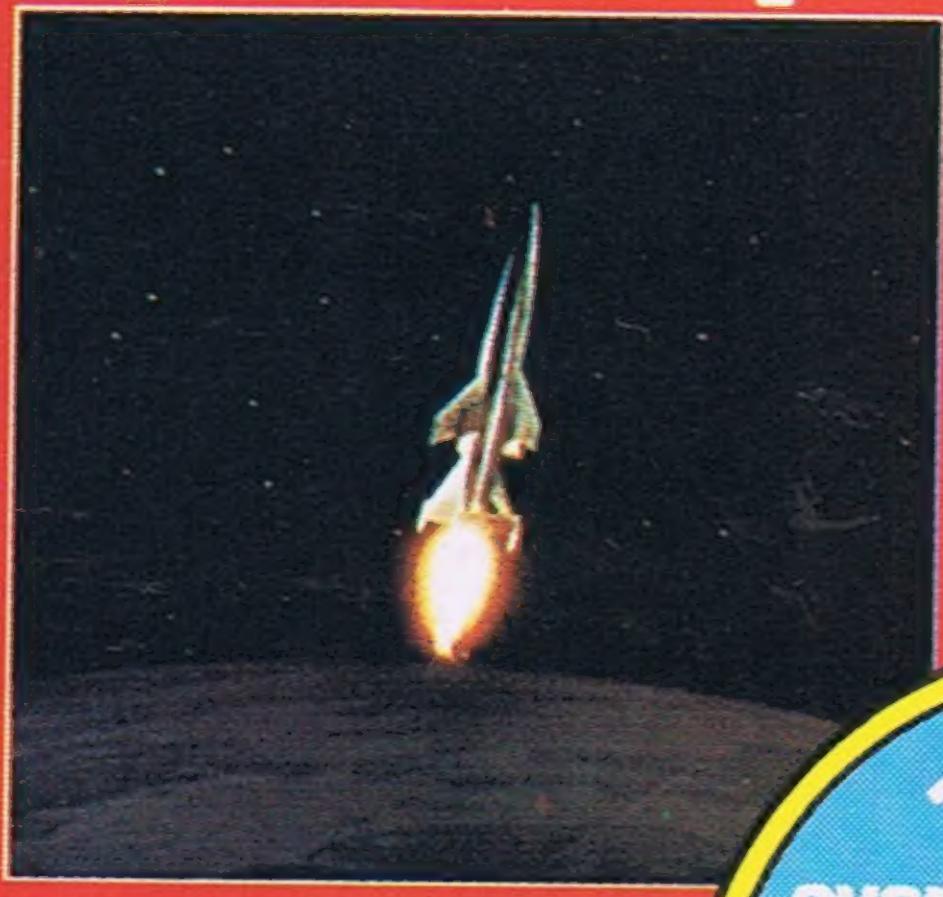


Top: The cover art from the original Balmer and Wylie novel. Above: New York City engulfed for Pal's *When World's Collide*.

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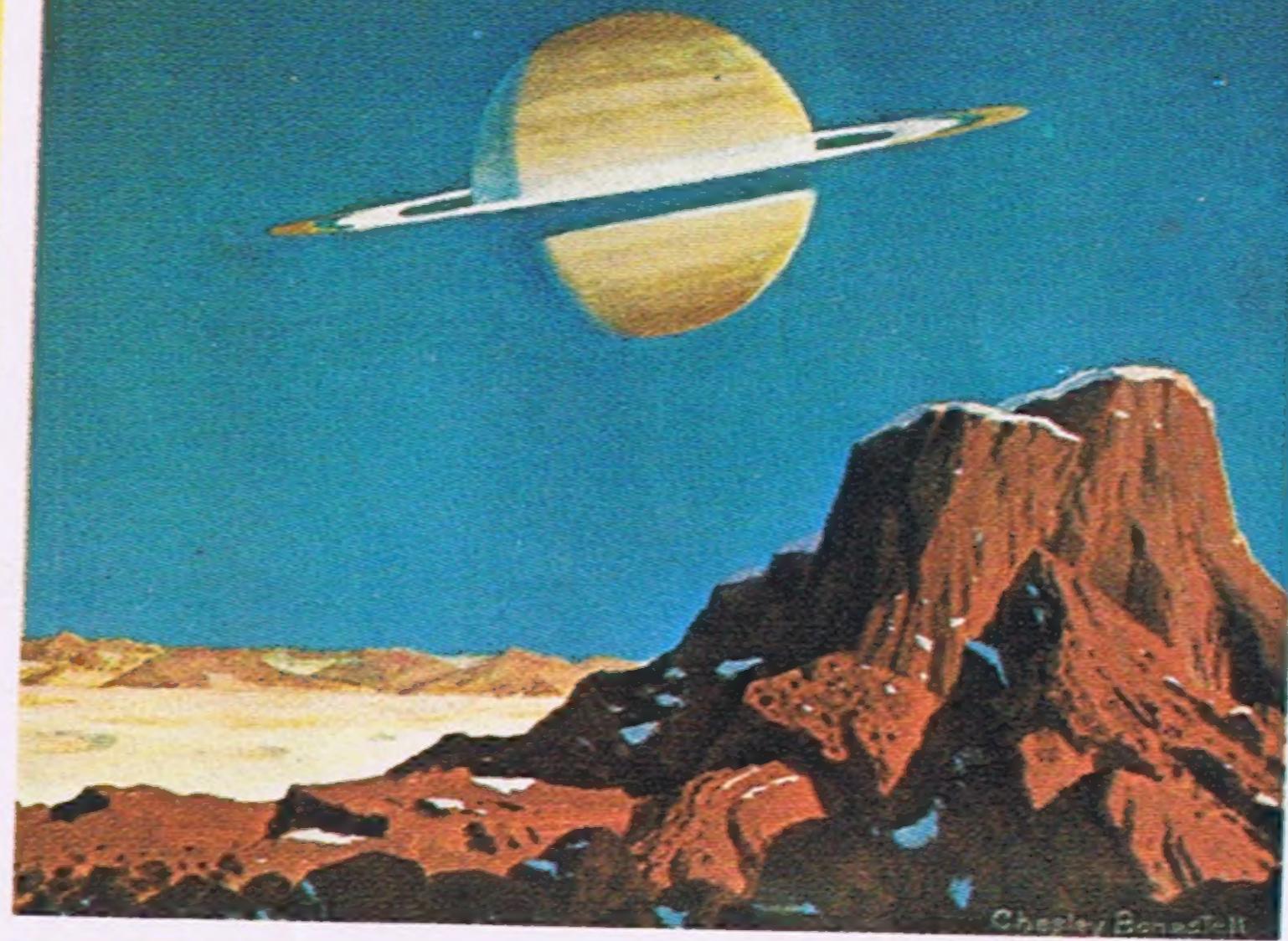
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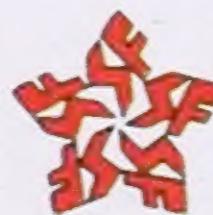
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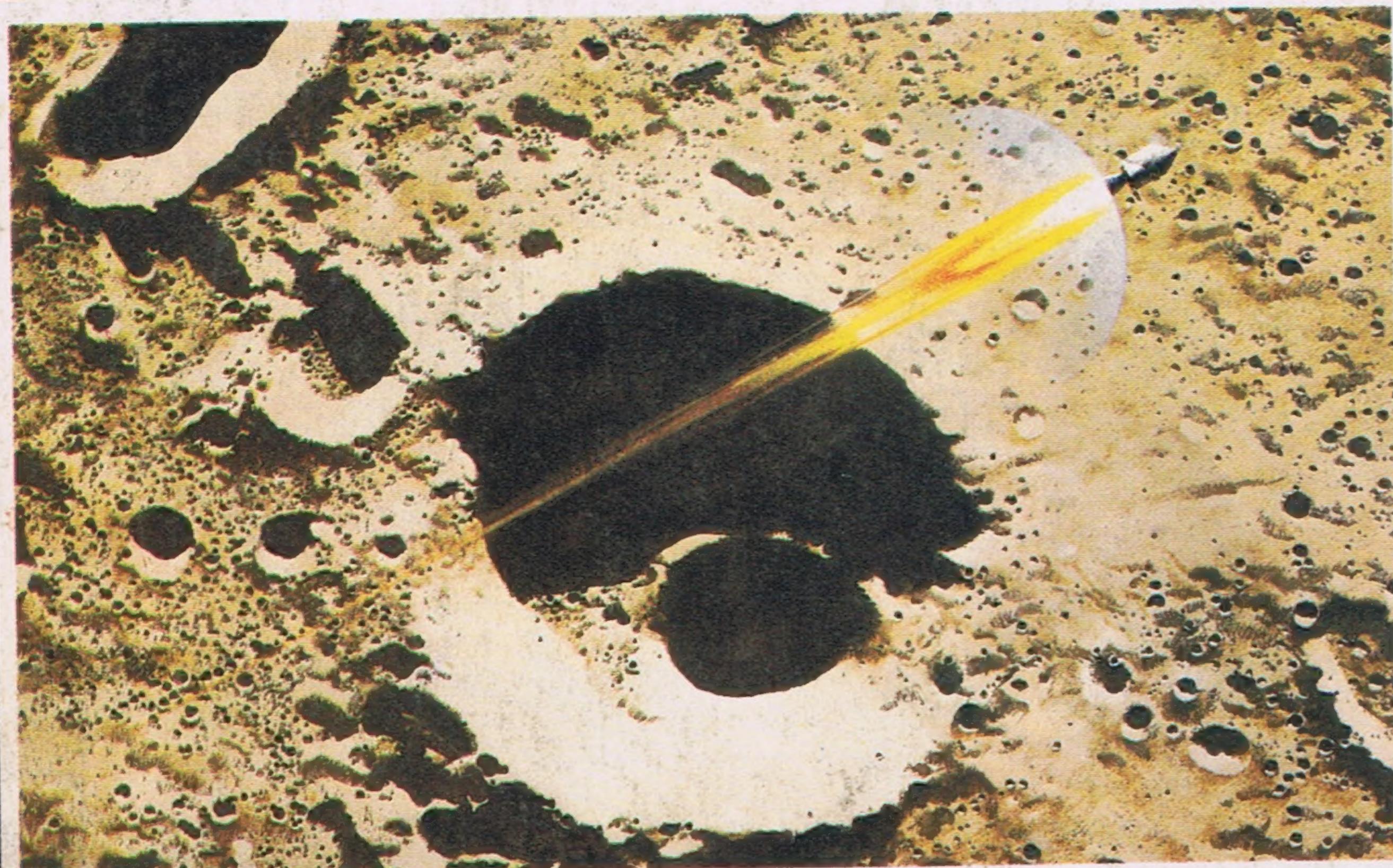
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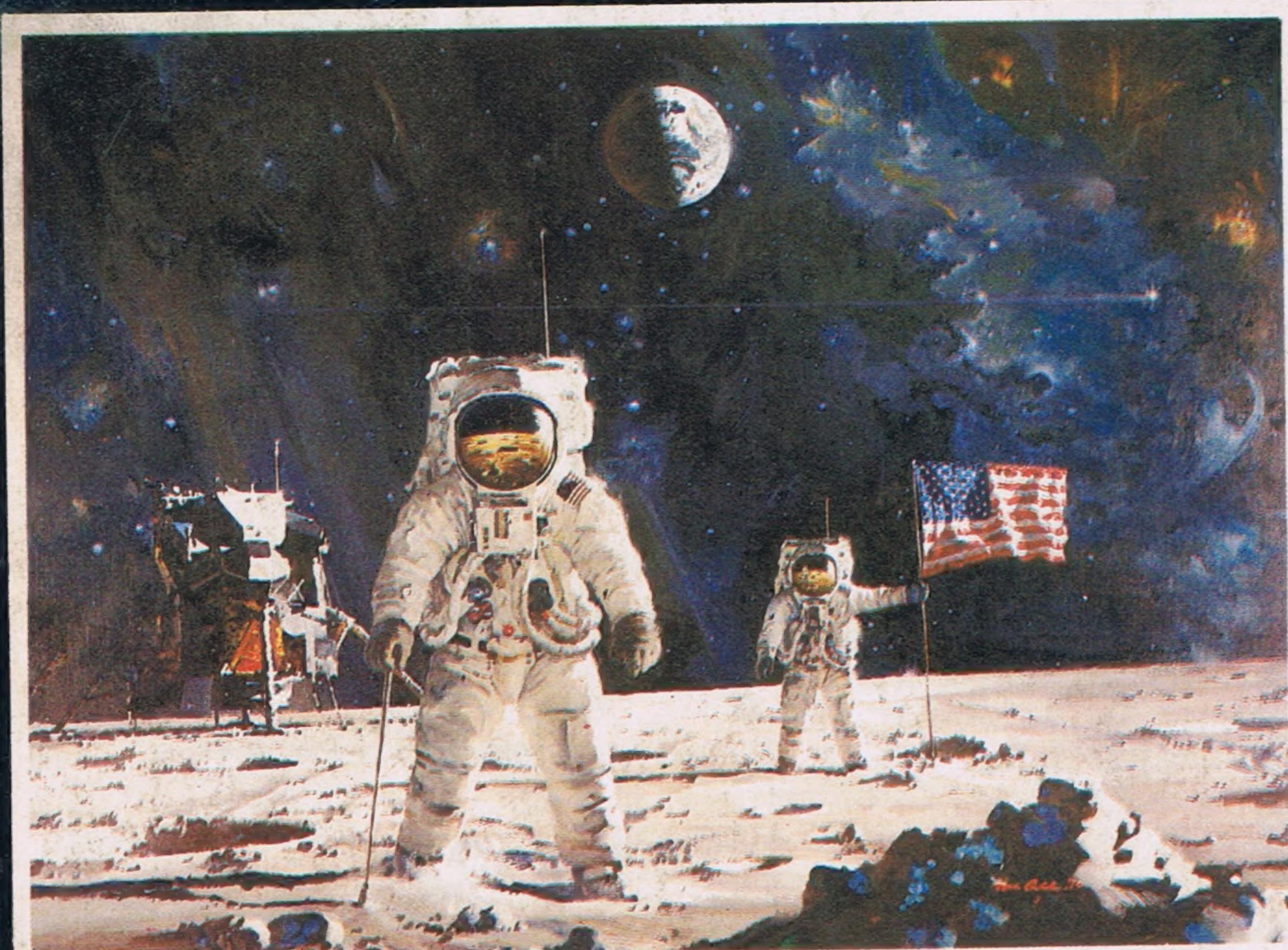
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